Marigolds

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Marigolds by the Wayside;

OR,

The Prose and Poetry of Life.

RENDERED BY

THEODORE PARKER,

THROUGH THE TRANCE CONDITION OF

SARAH A. RAMSDELL.

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PREFACE.

MY object in giving a book of this kind to the public, at the present time, is to lay aside the oppressive barriers that clog up the avenues to free thought. The world is teeming with literature; the false and true blend into service, to foster the spirit of progression that underlies the basis of materialistic conception. The world is teeming with its false precepts, false examples and false theories. The world is flooded, gorged and running over, with the cutaneous eruptions that have blurred and blotted the glory of the world's past history.

I give this work to mankind from my spiritual attainment, hoping it will reach the soul element and wing its way to the reasoning faculties of the nineteenth century. Justice reaches out a hand for this work, and hope flings pearly dust in its advancing pathway.

Marigolds.

CHAPTER I.

THE world's secret springs of motion are hidden from the external eye, and revealed to the inner orb of vibrative sensation. Hence, man's proneness to doubt the detailed order that underlies all the fissues of inorganic structure, man's proneness to doubt facts and truths that are not vividly before the outward sense of seeing, will find its solution in the ignorance of thought, — in man's inability to grasp with the mind the rudimental branches of the earth's formative system. The law that controls matter is simply a law of progressive movement, simply an undercurrent of reformatory action, passing in and around God's kingdom of strength. We see man, himself, acting from that same plan of pro-

gressive movement; see the spirit springs of force impelling him onward and upward, impelling him to build for both systems of activity. Man is spirally formed, endowed with attributes that only find solution in the great, unexplored vista of future revelations. Man is endowed with wisdom to find his beginning and his ending; to find the logic of life, and the even tenor of a just God's movements. The life of man is co-existent with the divinity of purpose. Man is dually formed, twin-like in conception, made by order of material law, and fashioned to meet the exigences of spiritualistic movement.

The order that underlies the frailest part even of God's stupendous whole, would forever preclude the possibility of any chance work in the formation of systems and worlds blended with network precision, and hung, on God's word of command, in the boundless sea of space.

It is time that man should find his starting point; find the length, breadth and depth of his purposed journey; find the solution to the great problem of life, and find the true valuation of the term "death." It is high time that mankind looked out from under their cap of ignorance to the

real fact of life; to the reality of a God moving in and through the outspoken grandeur of earth. I have before stated that man was dually formed, — made by order of elementary activity, and radiating from the element of matter to mingle in the fine, tissued web of comprehensive greatness and truth. Man's starting point has engrossed the minds of all thinking people for many a generation, and still the dark hue of uncertainty stands sentinel at the doorway of correct knowledge.

Geology has proved that the creation of the world was no spasmodic effort of will, but a combined effort of elements circulating in space. Geology will also prove that the earth-strata, or the subterranean keynote, from which the harmony of the world has been reared, is solidified lava. Geologians of all ages have spread their nucleus of strength to battle with the primitive lessons that ancient historians plunged in mystery and doubt, and then left with the seal of sanctification, made fast by the teutonic assumption of authority that claimed to be vicegerent of God, to proclaim the world's formation and the world's salvation on the mere hypothesis of God's

will. Geologians have been the world's greatest saviors. They have placed mankind on a footing to reason from analogy to search farther than history for the hidden key to life everlasting. Geologians have frosted society with a silver coating of peace; have fixed man's starting point on a principle in matter co-existing with infinite purpose. The materialist fashions his birth in matter, but he finds no principle to sustain above matter, sees no silvery lining to any of the earth wrought caskets that are illuminated with the interior perception that the starting point is not the finale of man's destiny.

My purpose is to here show at what point or growth in matter God instituted the web of life, or at what point the woof of sensation mastered the embodiment of earthly substance. This is no small matter, to fish backwards in the great pool of life,—to find what seems impossible to find,—but the solution must be met with energetic effort; the barrier must be pulled away, and the basis of life be established on a principle in matter running parallel with infinite plan of cause and effect. The mystery that has enveloped the element of progress is fast

loosing its hold, and Christianity must grapple this new basis of being with renewed courage and activity: for, as the old foundation is slipping away, becoming insecure and shaky from centre to circumference, and not serviceable for present need, the grappling hook of strength and indomitable will must rear another savior that the hand of time cannot destroy. The rudimental strata of earth is the underground car of propelling power that hangs a world on the orbit of time. The earth forces are so contructed, so liberalized, that in giving for the process of structure, the spirit camera hung in space ever receives the impress, and gives to the world of ethereality a branch stock, that hangs its ether dew of finesse substance on the great law of infinite success. Spirit is the formula of matter, the essence to outwrought purpose or the interior function that lifts an outward symbol of protection through every stage of its progressive movement.

CHAPTER II.

IN fixing man's starting point, I must go farther back than ancient history; must sweep that board clear of first principles from which I shall rear my God-head and Savior. Ancient history has done its work for the world. It has reared a platform of evangelical faith, which the world needed, and which the world accepted without so much as a draft on common sense to substantiate its truth or reliability, as coming from the unseen fountain of living truth and knowledge. Ancient history is the by-play or *secundem artem* that rides along the billows of time, and drops an anchor of doubt to disturb the inglory of false theology. In deriving facts to battle with the world's primitive lessons of egotistical assumption, we must dip deep in God's storehouse of materiality and fashion man within the keeping of reason to cherish and hold true.

Reason is our God-given monitor of strength, our propelling escutcheon of liberty, that fashions our destiny and helps to fashion the world we live in. It has been laid down as a truth in sacred history that this spheroid, this world of motionary grandeur, sublimity and power, was once a mass of chaotic ruin; that God's finger of strength and wisdom pointed the way to its ultimate fashion and beauty; that God's word of command outstripped any law of cause and effect; that God's mandate of power wrought symmetry and motion to the world we now inhabit,—a world that lays no claim of fashion or beauty to any power but the God-given principle of growth and intuitive wisdom in nature. There is an element in matter that fashions to the sublimity of present forces, or that builds for present use and need, that sticks no pin of doubt to any structure formed in systematic keeping with the law of harmony and filial jurisprudence. Nature has within her storehouse the key to unlock all the elements of reform, to let loose the dragon of doubt, and place the material universe in juxtaposition with God's plan of progressive movement. Nature is God, or nature is God's system-house, in

which the great principality of power rules to advantage. There is no system or code of laws in all of God's vast domain of power but what run parallel with the finite or infinite destiny of man. Man is the radiating element of power on earth, the forces of intellectual strength that help to fashion the beauty of God's rudimental structure of material substance. Let us go as far back as present truth will admit; let us search deep and wide for the imperishable seed that is rooted in all matter, and bears its branches of worth into the outwrought worlds in space. Mind has ever had the propelling force of circumstances to grapple with, ever had the incubus or dead weight of mythological teachings to ride over and destroy, before the sunlight of reason could lift a star of hope to the world. Mythology has ever held the reigns of sacerdotal power on earth, has ever had a steed of active flight, ready for the spur of priest-craft or the shambling heel of the autocrats in power. Mythology is flapping her wings for a flight beyond this world's need or aim, because her power is in baiting a hook to be nibbled at and then cast aside as worthless.

CHAPTER III.

WE will claim that in the beginning God created man, fashioned him to suit the exigences of present need, built him up as a tabernacle of strength to battle in the world of matter; that is, allowing our God to be a thinking, moving and predominating power, capable of engaging in the builders's art, capable of putting out ways and means for structure, of liberalizing every element to the keeping of harmonious design. God wrought in the chaos that his hand of skill had imbued with suitable attributes to delve out what his plan demanded. God wrought in the elements of his own creating. He imbued his artistic genius into every part of soluble matter, and laid the unction of demand in close proximity to the tide of fashion which ebbed and flowed in accordance with the master spirit to be served. God's filial

spirit of love and mercy has found a lodgment in all the vast arcana of nature. It speaks in all the dialects of proclaimed wisdom and beauty that meet the external vision of man. It speaks in all the silvery harmony of earth combined effort; in all the branches of earth formula of motion; in all the tipped eaglets of power, and in all the simple undertones that make musical the vastness and wholeness of God's earth. God is the motionary element of time, the sublime Architect, who travels space and gives to time the key note to progress. God is the stationary element of power, — the deep-seated, internal revenue fund that moves at the collector's call, or the tax gatherer who underlies every part of God's structured whole. God moves in a mysterious way; but the mystery is in noncomprehension of his attributes as a mover or builder. God spans the earth and heavens with his great arm of love; fills all measure with completeness, and lifts the holly branch of hope to the heart-springs of ambitious movement.

CHAPTER IV.

GOD surrounds the earth with sure success; fills all space and harmonizes every element of reform. Therefore, God is all in all, All-wise, Omnipotent and Everlasting; the day star of hope, the tree of promise, whose branches fill the material world and send their blossoms into the nectar room of solvent light.

"God moves in every tiny flower,
In all the vast eternal whole,
And breaks the widest range of power,
To build the temple mind of man.
And God is seen and felt and heard,
And lingers round our every thought,
And gushes to the fountain head
Of every stream out living wrought.
And God is majesty sublime,
Is poet, painter, genius, rare,
Fills all the Anchor-head of time
And gushes through the Elysian air.
He sweeps the present board of ill
Is with us now and everywhere."

There is always something mysterious in a truth that does not come within our wisdom of understanding or power of comprehension, always something that appears wizard-like and elfish in facts that require the light of science to bring to reason's grasp. And mankind have never until in recent years ploughed in scientific fields; have never wielded a key to unlock nature's storehouse of deep-seated worth, and open up illustrous truths that have long clamored for power on earth. Nature has taken her last drug or haschish of narcotic slumber. She has lain in her bed of dormant ease, until God's voice speaking to the mind of man is casting aside her rippling garments of idle seeming, and clothing herself with vestments of regal power and use to the great social hunger of mankind. The mind of man, ever keeping pace with nature, has become liberalized in accordance with nature's divine law of progressive movement, and has never usurped any claim but the one of harmonious outreach from bygone nonentities.

"Old nature builds her storehouse deep,
And inlaid gems are hid from view;
But God, the mighty Architect,
Gives here and there a promised few
To awaken man to deeper thought,
Beside the living stream outwrought."

The earth is graded — is built in layers of evangelical truth and harmony of design. The rudimental strata of earthly substance is solidified lava, a conglomerate mass propelled from the planet Saturn. Astronomers, in the solvient light of spirit realms, have detected in the planet Saturn a crustacious mass resembling the condition of lava when expelled from the burning crater or thrown out from the convulsions of Mother Earth. Astronomers have also detected in that same planet a disposition to garner for the formation of other worlds. The rings that encompass the majesty of Saturn are but reflected principles to govern other worlds soon to be in motion. Saturn throws off from her vestibule of strength the homogeneous masses that collect from her great system-house of fire. Saturn was hung in space centuries before the earth took form in the orbit of time. Let it be here under-

stood that the laws which govern Saturn also govern earth. That her law of motion is affixed to the motionary law governing time. Saturn is largely imbued with the principle of fire, and earth throws off a focus of fire in exact proportion as she receives that element from her mother Saturn. Some portions of earth are more highly imbued with that principle than others, showing the exact condition of the mother when the child earth was born.

CHAPTER V.

THE inhabitants of Saturn very largely resemble our North American Indian; therefore, a branch stock was propagated into the stubborn element sent into space. The Indian, or Red Man, was the basis of the great brotherhood of man now extant on earth. As matter becomes liberalized it assumes the finer shapings of refinement, and harmonizes with every element in space. Baxter wrote the following lines of easy rhythm and beauty, but little heeded the interior brilliancy of conception in his works of daring damnation and sin:

> "Be Thou, O God, exalted high,
> And as Thy glory fills the sky,
> So let it be on earth displayed,
> 'Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed."

Baxter never could have written anything more exalting to the mind than the prayer or wish expressed in those four lines of sublime meaning and worth. Baxter's Saints' Rest is a codicil that humanity are willing to leave in the back ground, where past faith slumbered in intolerant woe. Baxter wrote many a true line that was never credited to him, because the world at that time was dipped in fanaticism and bigotry, and any stray inkling of liberal faith was crushed and hid from the public mind. When mythology reached its height of culminating power the mind became sickened, and disgust crept into the fold of slavish fear, and a wider platform extended itself to ensure success to the new grain of truth that was sprouting from the old shell of corrupt, fetish and false worship that hid the true light under the robe of falsehood and guile. The Jewish nation were slaves to their heathen deities; it was their false acme of pride that laid their stumbling block around the false altars of worldly power. God spoke to them in the tinkling of bells and clarion notes that called to arms a nation's warfare and triumph. God spoke to them in the mystery of a divided wisdom and knowledge, that

sought the downfall of some and the glorified honor of those who rode in the car of assumptive power. God had no filial bearing to their realm of dignified authority, justice no claim on their attention. They rode the freebooter's saddle of contempt along the highway of public acceptance, and feared no jar from the undercurrent of nonability.

> "Hold, Jewish yoke of heathen power,
> Whose inner temple burns but dross,
> Your fire God sodded for an hour,
> But gains to feel at length a loss.
> And through the halcyon day of time
> Did bend your bow of promise rare,
> What beauty in ancestral line
> That hoists a flag of black despair."

The illiberality of church creeds is dying out, and a new formula of evangelic tolerance is dipping a beak into the public pool and spurting out the foamy crescents that ride on the waves of time, for the benefit of popular show and private animosity. The God-head of to-day bears on its surface the glorious stamp of a liberalized Christianity. The seeds of a new religion are sprouting in the soil of free thought, and people will wor-

ship at the shrine where reason holds the guard-chain that makes fast the bond with God.

The liberal Christians, or the free-thinking men and women of our nineteenth century, are laying a basis for the future grandeur of earth. Mankind have drank the beverage of hell-fire to the soul's satisfaction and disgust, and the spirit that barred the road of progress is, for the want of nourishment, becoming weak and enfeebled, and laying in wait for the force of circumstances to open the fields of ignorant war that are scattered in the background of American civilization. The Roman Empire fed their camp fires from the fund of eternal damnation. Nothing so suited their slavish hearts as crime, and hence, God, to them, was the chief propelling engine of onslaught and devastation, that hung his cloud of strength for the entire benefit of the Romish temples of cunning art and skill, that fed their demon gods on the heart's blood and vital strength of the serfs or snails that crept under their flourishing weapons of daring power. The cruelty of those olden times hangs like a pall of terror in the background of ancient fame. The treadwheel of time has laid many a

soothing plaster on the open wounds of slavish discord that burrows in every locality on the face of time. Egotistical assumption has driven more nails of error than bigots have been able to clinch and hold fast, for the reason that assumptive power claims everything, and bigotry has no assurance; it sticks to the text of dogmatic rule and possesses great hardihood of endurance to maintain first principles. Bigotry never sticks pins of doubt; her faith is well grounded, and although it may be in error reason holds the key note to an open confession, and sooner or later drops a bar of music into the old chime of selfish monopoly.

"The keyof Reason, ever bright,
Unlocks at length the darkest night;
And leads the willing mind to see
The beauty of that golden key
That hangs its loop on every brow,
To await the prestige of a vow
Made to the throne of Reason, when
Gross ignorance walked on earth with men.
The time is past, and Reason's sway
Is making night appear like day;
And ever on the course of time
She'll fledge her flight to the sublime,
And never falter on her track,
'Till God is gained and Heaven brought back,
To mingle with the affairs of men,

In Christlike purity, a gem
That sparkles inland and ov'rflows
Our deepest joys and darkest woes,
And leads us with its mystic light
Far out to God on beacon height;
Whose stranded feet have reached at last
The mirage that will bridge the past,
And sink the floating car of doubt
Where nought will care to find it out;
And then can Reason search and find
The height and breadth of humankind."

CHAPTER VI.

IN the great social mælstrom there is a disposition to break away from restraint, to fledge the demon rule for a flight beyond this continent of acknowledged freedom, and to put no bars on the course of time to impede the great spirit of progress that is tearing along, regardless of the fluttering wail of discontent that moves inland for selfish monopoly. Freedom is taking a wide stride and ever brings an olive branch of hope to the struggle in bondage. No pent-up cavern of egotism is safe, where the great sentinel of life is left to go or stand on a road where sluggards never flourish; freedom tunes her march for every occasion, and drinks in the spirit of reform with greedy thirst. The harp of a thousand strings was tuned for the

great, adventuresome spirit of progress, and every tune has a harmonious keeping with the interior thirst of mankind. The birth of freedom was the miraculous conception that will flourish like the green bay tree, and throw out its branches of strength and comfort to mingle at every hearthstone and at every institution of Christian worship. God speed the day when its clarion notes will sound their royal anthems in every pool where life exists and where intellectuality is the stamp mark to success. God speed the day when Gethsemane will sprout the true Christ on earth; when the royal banner of peace will wave its triumphant folds over every outstanding post of slavery, and God's blessing will make bright the fields of living green, whose verdure has ever borne the blasting touch of moral pestilence and outwrought barbarity. Slavery has ever been an institution of wrong, and her bugle notes have been curses loud and long, and the prolonged wail of nations have been the key note to usher in a free torch that will burn to the world's advantage and to the world's harmonious friendship and brotherly love.

"When nations sweep their board of crime,
Of fettered wrongs and feudal flames,
Then may our birthright gift proclaim
The glory of God's will Divine."

Civilians of every era of progress have planted the seeds to a Christian reformatory action; the olden pedagogne style of the lash and coercive system of rule did not suit the advancement of mind. The whip lost its charm in family circles long ago, and the ferrule has dropped from the school room by the mutual consent of scholar and teacher. Reform advances, whether in family circles, in the social interchange of thought and feeling, or in the great dynasties of political power. The spirit of love is creeping in to disturb the olden element of cruel despotism; and so God furnishes the means to reformatory activity by simply dropping a bar of music into the old chime of discontent. God never breaks a promise. We are the children of Israel for to-day, and the promised land awaits our wandering footsteps. As we have prepared every field of earth's mirage land and fitted it for the harvest day, so will we be prepared to till the fields of promised beauty in heaven.

The law of adaptability keeps race with our every movement. There is no hurry in God's physical or moral laws: they are even handled and prone to harmony, prone to reap the benefit of every act and feel the unfaltering hand outstretched to guide the way.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE is symmetry pervading every portion and every minutia of the great solar systems hung in space. This world, bearing the name of earth, is but a ray in the great focus of light and motionary grandeur that God holds in his right hand of love and strength. It is but a speck in the vastness of the great river of life, and we, its children, are but sojourners awaiting the messenger to deliver us to a higher grade of active duty. This earth is about midway in the scale of planetary greatness. It is the hub, so to speak, of scientific exploration. There is no other planet yet explored that presents a surface of such mixed attributes as does earth. There are planets that are far in advance in mind, culture and research, and high intellectual grandeur, that can scale the highest

walls in God's temples of knowledge. Those minds are stupendous in might and starry lustre to build to the acme of God's glorious whole; their sweep of use is far removed from earth; their headland point of accumilation ever points to the throne eternal, ever reaches for God's key note of harmonious blending that unites all worlds to the centric force of being. God has so arranged his plan of salvation that every soul bears on its surface the stamp of its legitimate attainments. Man will never lose sight of his starting point, because it is so fixed in his interior structure that its call is ever heard and recognized by some portion of our being. We only radiate from our capacity of memory; we can only take our life's solution from the paternal tree that sprouted our advancement, and the maternal breastplate of nourishment and love that protected the sprouted germ of our existence. That is as far as our legal claim can ever take us on the retrograde road of life. If we have ever had a prior existence, as some philosophers assert, we have no key to unlock the dark passage leading to the setting star that only shines to our acceptance from our earthly basis of knowledge. To that point in our

tabernacle of structure we can ever go back to and ever hold on our journey of life. If we have had a prior existence, which I very much doubt, because reason does not hold it available to us, it would manifest itself to some portion of our being, would stick a pin of cosmopolite significance into some vestment of soul or body, admitting a prior existence, and we lose individuality, because, possessing the faculty of having been something else, we still retain the faculty of becoming another structure, with no memory to retain this life, because memory fails us here to reach back of this life. Memory is our safeguard, ever ready to leap backwards to the assistance of the present and ever treasuring the present for future advancement. Memory holds us to a purpose in life. If we had no past to retain we should have no aim in the future; we should be drifters on the shores of time, aimless and purposeless, — a dead weight of accumulated structure.

> "No purpose here, no purpose there,
> Nor mind to see nor thought to care."

Thus we should stand nonentites, or, sentinels without the power to guard the

present gifts of God. We are fearfully and wonderfully made is an ancient scrip of truth, but the fear and wonder lies in our noncomprehension of Divine wisdom and law,

> "That rules us with its magic touch,
> And guards us with its mind sublime,"

Till we are prone to believe ourselves God's special objects of care; that his great purpose was to build us for worshippers at his throne, regardless of any will or desire of our own; making us machines to worship the machinist, making us tools to work for his benefit, without fully comprehending the channel wherein we can best serve him. Such has been the world's theory of God, and, to some extent, the old harness of ignorance remains, and its fetters are binding cords to the spirit of progress.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOD has surrounded every altar of worship, He has left the key to knowledge beside the flourishing stream of free-thought. God is the masonic temple whose every branch of office has the golden seal of outwrought merit. God flourishes no personality before the world of matter and the world of spirit. He was never cooped to a structured image of power; his face never wore the stamp of individuality; never wore the meekness of the loving Jesus. His principality of power surmounts every gradation of honor and winds its key of strength around every weakened part on the vineyard of time. God was, is, and ever will be, and we can only comprehend the great giver of all life and its many blessings, both in the material and spiritual, from the stand point of natural

affinity. God is mingled with every fibre of our being, — to both the outward forming of materialty and the inner spirit of redeemed worth that pierces through many grades of wisdom and ethereal grandeur. God is our starting point and the end of our proposed journey. God is the finale of matter and the ultimatum of spirit; the great life stream that flows through every channel whether formed by nature or by the intuitive mind of man.

> "God folds his armor, bright with use,
> Around each graded seat of care;
> And holds aloft the signal gun,
> To awaken us from dark despair.
> We fledge our flight, and God is near
> To bind with truth the golden sphere,
> And make life's journey, dulled with pain,
> A loud hurrah, a wild acclaim,
> Sped from the spirit, freed from earth,
> In token of its new-found birth."

We cannot realize the formation spirit without a keen sense of gratitude to the great soul that burns an altar fire for the illumination of every pent-house on the outpost of time. God moves through the systematic law of cause and effect, and governs through the law of comprehensive wisdom.

The force of circumstances never alter one jot or tittle of God's outspoken wisdom and power, that lays an unction of hope and promise beside our will of active merit, which fledges itself in accordance with our interior perception of truth. God is the soul of honest intention towards humanity, the fundamental basis on which mankind can build to advantage, and hope for success to follow in the rear of any adventure.

There has ever been a disposition on the part of man to drink at the fountain of the living God, to cherish a seat of power above the confines of earth, but limited knowledge has dressed the God-head of mercy and love in a spurious suit that could not withstand the wear and tear of time; and when reason could grasp a basis outside of mythology, the world had sprouted a truth that would throw out a branch of hope to every generation and build a throne of legal worth, whose vastness is the great river of thought to mankind. This river has been bridged by error's sway until man could push the spirit of freedom to the standard of recognized merit in the solution of the world's mysterious make-up and gradual development. It has only been a question

of time with the great vibrative spirit of power with regard to the unfolding of natural law, which would necessarily follow when mind possessed the key to unlock the fundaments to first principles. Until that time should arrive, the necessity for a God laid its demand around the pent-up minds of undeveloped manhood and womanhood; they grasped what their minds craved in a superior power; God must be a personality, wielding strength in the overarch of headland sky. Thus the olden nations that have passed away have seen God from a stand point of selfish monopoly. Tyranny was his first law of rule, because that suited their code of dealing with each other. God ever assumed a guise to suit their outreach after power; and they judged of his worth by the success of their feudal forces, that hung their flags of terror at every outlet of reform where God placed a finger of consent. Those olden nations were steeped in crime; their bloody trophies were a disgrace on their escutcheon of nationality; their clarion notes of war sounded the spirit of malignity, and God's voice could only be heard through the channel of assumptive pride and power. Who can disclaim, with the light now before

the world, the inappropriateness of worshipping at a shrine where ancient ignorance gathered its holocaust of crime, and where ancient bigotry steeped itself in damnation's bitter cup of woe? Who would go back to the God of olden history? Who would kneel to the God of Israel, whose compassion was withheld in her hour of tribulation, when the heart of the whole nation went out in sorrow and prayer to their God of fancied worth? The world has crept away from the hallucinations of past weakness and imbecility of thought. There is no age on the calendar of time that mankind, at the present time, would be willing to drop back to. Wherefore is it, if the past God-head was a structure of truth, and competent to serve every outreach of principle? There must have been a great leakage of the true material, and God have been cheated of his true worshippers, unless the true God stepped to the rescue and planted his foot of firmness on the entailed grounds of ancient rubbish.

God has ever swelled his power to the full of individual comprehension. Every note of compass has been in harmony with man's intellectual ability to grasp the bar to the

new time in the great harmonious scale of reform. God is the effulgent ray that darts its splendor of conception across our benighted vision and lights up every diverging line in our course of conduct. But we, with the old mortality of sin, fail to see God in the truth and beauty of his purpose towards us. We fail to note his liberal hand of many comforts bestowed on our wayward lives and surrounding our feet that lead in error's paths. We fail to acknowledge the receipt of the blessings that are showered around us regardless of our asking. God's gifts are bestowed alike on the just and on the unjust, on the lowly born and on the fledgelings from the higher grades of social bearing; all drink from the spontaneous gifts of God and all give out the asking hand of help from the great interior want of human needs that are so dependent on God's sources of life.

It would not make our lives more blest if we acknowledged God our friend, and on our bended knees rendered thanks for the unwearied efforts of God, our heavenly father, who works through all law to maintain his systematic keeping with mankind. The expression of God's mercies are mani-

fold and ever given in proportion to our need and well being. Every law in the physical universe is an abiding framework of strength and support to our exterior framework of earthly purpose. God's physical law in earthly structure runs through all matter with equal adaptiveness to the structure it represents. Man's whole physical being is governed entirely by the law of give and take: in proportion as it gives it receives, else there would be a cessation of funds to supply the looms of manufacture which are attached to every standard work in God's system-house of vast design. God's vastness and incomprehensiveness will ever flourish an outreach to our mental vision. We cannot stop the tide of wealth that will flow in upon the soul when the prison bars are loosed, and the kingdom of ethereality is spread before us with all its gradation seats to claim our acceptance and our will to accomplish. God built the earth from a necessity in the law of progress, or, the law of expulsion, that underlies every planet fixed in space. Every planet of any magnitude throws off the forces for centralization once in four thousand years, and the forces thrown off harmonize to the proportion of

the parent planet. The law that hangs a world in space is the encircling arm of magnetic gravitation that encompasses all matter' and throws its shield of enwrapment around the spiral points of heaven. When Saturn discharged her accumulated wealth the fundaments existed in the matter thrown off to a coalesce consistency, and the law of gravitation pointed to centralization. The world dropped into the space assigned to it as naturally as a child drops into its mother's arms, and undergoes a process of recuperation and individualization in very much the same manner as the child from the chrysalis state takes on the conditions to complete individuality. When the earth had assumed her basis, or, had focalized to its central shaping, it then began to attach to itself the qualifications of the parent organism, and build in proportion as it received the mother element and in proportion as it took heart in its own responsibility, because the world has a free will agency of its own, which is the undergrade or financial prop which makes it capable of its individual merit and individual progressive movement.

CHAPTER IX.

THE world from its chaotic state was obliged to build what might be termed chaotic structure, or, in other words, to build from the material then in use, which, according to history, science and reason, must have been crude and unshapely, and in a state of flurry and bewilderment, in consequence of its new-found tokens of wealth and individual keeping. The world has ever built from the law of demand and interior fitness of accomplishment. Hurry or drive make no part in the law of progressive movement that works out its own salvation, and enters on every round of ascent with easy assurance and assumptive merit; that picks its way clear of all distrust, and with a self-satisfaction that cherishes no ill-will to any other world on the up-hill grade of motion.

"Mankind could there a lesson take,
And move aloft with easy tread,
If in their search they did not seek
The creedal system to break bread.

"For creeds are dogmatizers all,
That seek no truth outside of ken,
And wield no weapons of defence
But what comport with priestly men.

"Dogmatic rule will yet succomb,
And priestly witchcraft have an end,
When mind can ferret out the truth,
And to its God in substance bend.

"The world must drink the truth at last,
And templed fame will drop its crest
Into the cesspool that awaits
The part of all, by God not blest.

"God's rule will surge the world at length,
And Mystery's shades will drop apart,
When light will to the world descend
Which hitherto hath seemed so dark.

"The God of Israel hears the cry,
And angels whisper, peace is near;
We'll break the fettered yoke of sin,
And bring mankind without a fear."

"The pearly gates are open wide,
But earthly vision fails to see
The extended hand of Christ, our guide,
Our Father God, the living tree
Whose branches wave from every port.

Or loophole on the shores of time,
Until at length each waifling caught
Must sure acknowledge God its own;
And with the stamp of Key Divine
All nature reaches the sublime,"

Because all nature has a part in the resurrection morn of ethereal grandeur. All nature is stamped with the divinity of purpose, and leads out from every stage of development unto a higher platform of movement. God's system-house of natural atonements will lay aside its deformities in accordance with its interior ability to grasp a higher schedule of attainments. There is an imperceptible mind governing all matter, a radiating principle that we cannot detect with the earth formality of vision; but when the earth portion of our being is removed, we are brought to the more subtile influences that control all the gradations of earthly substance. We cannot see the mind of man, only in its outwrought workings: no more can we see the mind in matter, only in the outward solution that meets our vision of want, and appeals to our sense of touch in myriads of ways that our vision of earth fails in detecting the key of movement. And thus we are led to suppose that no underground

strata of mind accomplishes the world's systematic growth and beauty, and we are led to believe that chance is the master builder and finisher of this epitome of power and grandeur we now inhabit, and which throws its banner of growth far into the world of magnetic fervor and divine accomplishment. To thee, Oh, God! we bow with a heart filled with reverential trust and mind reaching to the precints of thy spirit locality for seeds of wisdom to plant on the river shore of time, and for seeds of truth, whose garnering will be fruits mete for the hand of love to cherish.

> "The Hand whose beauty claims our eye,
> And ever proves that God is nigh,
> With chastening rod and love sublime
> That e'en outlasts the law of time;
> And with its filtering touch of care,
> Makes earth sublime and Heaven most fair,"

To gladden our interior perception and make us willing strivers for the love-house of God's own keeping.

CHAPTER X.

GOD stamps the individuality of purpose around every soul bearing legitimate attainment, to foster the seed of progressive keeping and build a citadel or fortress for home protection. In all the constellation of heaven renowned celebrity, *Ursa Major* flaunts the widest range of combative greatness. The shimmering lights from her myriad of stars proclaim her power to make effulgent her glory of action. Every orb hung out to the world possesses the key-note to a variety of tunes in the great harmonious scale of activity and promulgation of divine command, that hung a weight of glory around this world that no other world possesses, because no other world possesses the innate seeds to develope through all other worlds, and hang, at last, a key of strength or acknowledgement on

the throne of ultimate success and ultimate supremacy over the devastations of the grovelling monster sin. I do not say that other worlds have no honor to sustain above the present need of use, but the government of some supreme driftings of powerful lustre that hang on the cord of love are prelates to the cause they represent, scarcely going beyond their own orbit, because the egotistical bearing of some planets surround their own gradation seat, and cause the charm of variety in planetary system and co-operation for divine grandeur and beauty of purpose. The planet Mars has a system-house of divine workmanship. Her fields of living green are staple funds that glow with use in the vastness of an eternity in motion. The beauty in planetary space follows the round of each orbit according to its filial duty of design. All planets hang out their flag of accountability to the law that governs their field of motion. Each planet moves on its own axis, or, by its own cohesive strata of power, — the seedling of its own accountability and worth. God gives to each its own, in the outgrowth of planetary conception, in the same ratio that individuality in humanity's structure receives its stamp-mark

of approval. There is no cheat in God's deal, because God is a God of justice, and wears his face of approval or disapproval in accordance with his laws, which science will establish and maintain, as soon as mind can receive the props to advantage and wear the truth as an honor conferred on the intellectual ability of the nineteenth century, that is moving on the wings of the crested bird, whose music will gush through the crustations of ancient rebeldom. The Grecian monarch, whose glory has arisen on every outpost of historic lore, would fain have grappled for the worlds in space; but the limited knowledge of antiquarian Greece bound all their power of usurpation to the thraldom temples of earth, and no ancestral line, from the Grecian or Romanish cesspool of slavery, has partaken of the beverage whose lasting worth has filled the new world with the baptismal font that curtails to no creed or dries up for want of the living stream to surge to its brink of use.

The creedal system still maintains its stronghold of power wherever the yoke of ignorance is worn and impelled by dotage and sackcloth and ashes antiquity. Rome built her fires for the devil's service, and

when the night appeared, when no man could see, the monster came forth in shape of men, wearing the sacerdotal cloth and umpire of rule that maintained its sway to the utter disregard of justice or right. Rome will one day awake to her inability of service, will one day acknowledge the injustice of her creedal synagogues of power and fiery furnaces of woe, that burned for the honor of priestly renown and wisdom of application. The Roman pulates were averse to any code of moral government that did not comport with their lordly sway of deal, and the heterogeneous masses that ever make up the bulk of society were mere fledgelings with no power to act, and no skill to exact power. Thus has Rome grown in bondage and servility. It will take the clarion notes of some mighty attempt to pull down her bulwarks of error and pest-houses of fame, that have dealt largely to some that others might rot in the degredation of their hellish systems of feted terror. Rome was mighty in her carnage and woe; but to-day, with the light of civilization beaming over the world's stricken streams, her glory is corruption and her breastplate of honor the devil's scabbard, worn for home protection

and deeds of daring darkness, that fleece her coffers of wealth and her humanity of aim, or, purpose in life. Thus has Rome become a dwindler; her once sturdy arm has become inefficient and ineffectual with her present stamp of use, that will find no channel open to her investigating touch of deal.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Roman Empire is fledged for a flight to some higher key of motion; but it will be a work of time to move her away from her hatching ground, and fit her for the enjoyment of a new field of labor and consequent worth. The Romans are well skilled in the arts and sciences, but their old traditionary lore serves as their basis from which to rear their platform of accountability. I wonder at the illiberal spirit maintained where intellect can master the stubborn facts of God's own creating. God is the standard bearer to the world; and the color sought for by mankind rears its faintest tinge and is brought out to its full glory by the revelations from the inner temple of man. God's soul, so to speak, is the fountain

where all system finds an entrance and takes root in myriads of inland shapings, that must be fathomed by the soul element in man. God is the root of knowledge, the universe, the upheaved tree, whose branches have assumed all the varieties that the inland seed could sprout. The germ of all process lies in the embryotic state until mind hurls at it a figure of use. There is in every chrysalis of organic matter the propelling current, or, the tissue of thought, that mounts its own ladder of ascent and rears for its own system of use. The mind that fashions the rose in all its symmetry and beauty, in all its wealth to the touch, and in all its splendor of fragrance to the soul, could in no way, make the starry buttercup or the distilling bluebell. Each effulgent flower-queen that lights up the border fields of earth, and awakes to greater lustre in the higher cultured fields of living beauty, builds from its own monitor and mind purpose in God's service. Every particle of matter contains the solvent light of reason, contains the embryo or intellectuality, of its own make-up. Mind is as diversified in nature and her workings as in humanity's broad seal of typical cutlery.

That breaks no rod of iron will, but serves from its own stand point of active energy. The growth of the natural universe, or, the universe of matter, depends on God's love-abiding law in nature, or, the systematic outlay of interior design. The building of the earth's templed grandeur has been accomplished by repeated effort and constant, energetic movement in elementary forces and concert in action. Every board of deal or generation of effort has wielded its strength in accordance with the outside grasp for a more liberal footing and beauty of compass in the formalities of earth's fashion-house.

The origin of man is hidden in a cave of doubt and uncertainty. The old history version of man's birth and advent into this world from the chaos of God's unstable mind is fast loosing its hold on the minds of thinking people. That process of construction was the easiest to handle by the erudite philosophers of ancient theism. It best suited the minds of the generation then on the field of action. They had no power of mind or scope of wisdom to fathom a single law, radiating from the God-head of purpose, only what could be limited to the outspoken

command of a personal God or Savior. It is easy enough for mind, at the present day, that believes in spirit communion, or believes that grains of truth have found their way from heaven to earth by some process or procedure of conveyance; I say, it is easy enough for such minds to realize how some portions of ancient history glow with the fervor of truths that cannot be gainsaid or lost to the world, because they were given to the world as keepsakes, or love tokens, of use and beauty, whose lustre can never grow dim; for the rippling voices of angelic wisdom proclaimed the starry gems that illuminate the pages of sacred history.

God's troop of angel guides surround the throne eternal, and give as they receive from the liberal hand that ever opens at the call of need. Angels, at the time when the Bible was written, had to deal with crude material, had to fashion their grains of truth in accordance with the divine sway of command, that allows no coercion or impulse to drift mankind beyond the power of reason's grasp of accomplishment; and hence, we find throughout the whole Bible all things in the keeping of a personal God, because that suited the intellect or mind capacity of

attainment, when the world was in its newness and consequent thraldom. When Plato, the world renowned philosopher, lit his torch for the world's benefit, the world could not accept his theories, because Plato's mind reached out beyond the age in which he lived. His mind drank in the truths that were in advance of his earth career. He sprouted the dormant seed for the next generation to water and keep green, for time to bring to its full fruition of accomplishment. Every age has had its Plato, or, its master mind, that has left the leading strings for some other hand to grasp and lead the way to higher truths and higher aspirations.

CHAPTER XII.

IT is analogous with reason for mankind to fashion their starting point in the natural field of labor, as, for instance, the growth of any structure must depend on its basil text for support. Man is but a structure from the law of cause and effect. There must have been a necessity for man, else the causes that fashioned his outfit and career would never have been brought in requisition. Man is as necessary to God as God to man; both dwell in the orbit of anterior design. God never fashioned himself. Had such have been the case, there must have been a break in the system-house of labor. Allow God to have been made, and you wrap around him a personality that can never fit him, because

God dwells in all things; his compass of personality binds him to all shapings. In the tiniest footfall of the toddling child we hear the voice of God, our father, and along the rippling current of some daring deed of heroism we hear the impending tread of Jehovah's line of march. God so surrounds himself that there is no leakage for any other power to grasp and call its own.

> "God so surrounds the walls of fate,
> And moves his inland car so high,
> That all the glories, God await,
> And all the temples reach the sky,
> And there abound in living worth,
> Each typical of its Godly birth."

God has so arranged man's platform of deal that his harness is fitted at his starting point, and he can in no way shuffle it off; for both points of the law affix its stamp-mark of defeat or success. The only line given us that we can handle to advantage is the rein of freedom, that will lengthen or contract as we garner for the benefit of maintaining study and upright principles. The Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should slay him; and thus has God put a mark upon every soul bearing figurative affinity to purposes of action;

and the finger stamp of God's indelible testimony searches through every portion of our being and finds us, whether we be laggards around his temple throne of grace or servers, waiting at the door of acceptance, — we are sure to be found; for by their fruits shall they be known, (and by their deeds shall they be accepted); is a scrap worthy to be appended to every soul on the highway road of life. We are all creedists as far as deeds are concerned, or services rendered, to maintain our classified dealings with each other. We never go outside of self for motives to act from, because self is our basis of structure, and maintains its supremacy unflinchingly. We garner for self; we reap the benefit of others labor, for self; we rob, steal, murder, for self; we plant thorns and we gather roses to carry out some scheme of fostering self to advantage. Every individual acts from his own stand point, or, gradation seat, of selfish monopoly. Some garner for the outside man to the utter exclusion of the inner fortress of power, that is to take precedence on the road that leads to life everlasting. Some pick pearls and string them for all future advancement, and wear them that their shimmering light may

serve to light up the pathway of those straying ones found outside of the Christian's vineyard of strength. Paul served for the monopoly of selfish aim. He was a caterer for false honors; a Jesuit, serving God through the broad channel made by the devil's stride of deal. To say that Paul was a sycophant would only be stating a truth; for his mode of deal had a rubber-like basis that bounded a backball to himself at every throw on the stage of his eventful career. Paul sought an edifice of honor to overthrow the Egyptian temples of fame and build to the glory of the twelve apostolic strongholds of power.

The feudal camp-fires of the old world sent their smoke and ashes to the next battle door of freedom for an entrance where their power would yet maintain its sway. The old world has been fleeced of its power. The egotism and self-delusion that once wrapped their prime movers is a trailing badge of defect, and the innovations of the new world have somewhat disturbed the growth of their fancied temples of worth. The spirit to build anew, or patch up, the old hedge rows of decaying lustre, is faint beside the spirit of truth and liberal Christi-

anity, that is pouring its wealth of promise around the more modern fields of worship. "Truth is mighty and will prevail": and modern Christianity is nearing the univer-cœlum of truthful purposes of action. The key-note to progress is *Truth*, and her waving folds will yet sweep the earth of prejudice, and the scarecrow feet of mythological deception and devil-daring presumption, that fleeces all honor away from God and man.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Christ reared his platform of salvation he made the floating bridge as broad as possible, that none need be lost for want of safe footing on the right side of his holy career. Christ's deeds of love are embalmed in the holy precepts and examples that hearts, attuned to his keeping, set along the rugged road of life. Christ has never died to the world. His holy mission will be everlasting and ever enduring—the rock of ages, whose cleaving will last through all time, and find an anchor-seat of pruning on the shores of spirit life. Christ is the redeeming hand of mercy, left to flourish on the border and hedge rows of earthly experience. Christ came into the world to save from sin, by the light his pure and loving deeds would shed abroad for mankind to be led and governed by.

"His emblematic life of love
Is passport to the courts above."

At no period of the world's advancement has Christ been recognized, sustained and loved, as now. He is entering on the broad field of revolutionizing the world, and he heads every outstanding army that is rebel to the cause of freedom. Christ maintains his sway with easy forbearance, knowing that humanity's need will wing its way to his throne of generous deal, and also knowing the proneness of the human heart to search in back paths for the guiding star to rear an eminence in the future. Christ's key of strength, or, his wide range of influence, was in the versatility of his adaptability to every harmonious link in the great social, political and financial chain that binds the brotherhood of man around the altar of duty,

"That leads beside the Savior's cross,
An emblem pure, and free from guile,"

And also an emblem, whose majesty of rearing will ever serve the world as a scaffold of pure attainment. How wide has been the range of Christ's blood? How deep and how skilful theologians have dipped the erring ones of earth, and how regardless the

ceremony of saving ordinance has been of any interior change or drifting out of the bugbear that travels the world under so many different guises.

> "And always with a smiling face.
> The man of God keeps even pace.
> And shows for every quaking fear
> A stronghold in his creed so dear,
> That fits around each wayward heart
> That has been called by God apart,
> Or has been changed by faith alone,
> To worship at the creedal throne."

Ministers of all ages have sought strength and popular footing for their system of divine favors, tied up and labelled "Orthodoxy," or, Christianity systematized to meet the wants of as many as "believe as I believe," or, "see as I see," or, "hear the voice of conscience through my channel of hearing." Some there are who fellowship with church organization to save the trouble of thinking; and, by linking themselves with a body in the church militant, they are walking safely on, without the least trouble of looking out ways and means to govern the journey. Some there are who step into the fold of Christian worship for the ostensible purpose of having the world know that

through the atoning blood of Christ they have been brought to the mercy seat of God; but from any outward symbol of change we might think it was all a farce, and the church was cheating God of his true worshippers. I wonder at the idiosyncrasies in human nature; I wonder at man's plan of deal with God; his cunning and subtile way of cheating his own conscience, and offering God the pottage for which he has sold his birthright. I wonder at man's inability to grasp the true Savior, or, the true lover of salvation, that would uproot the errors that cling to his citadel of strength and clog up the avenues leading to the true Messiah, that is ever stationed within our interior keeping. Christ is the mark set for our attainment; and the guiding monitor on the angel side of our being ever points to the radiance flowing from his pure life, and offering us a chance beside the silvery stream of duty to flourish a cross whereon shall be inscribed, "bear ye one another's burdens." And what more beautiful in sentiment or expression than those few words so fraught with hope and comfort to the human heart? Nothing so ennobles humanity as the thought and care put forth for another's welfare, — as the love

expressed in deeds of mercy and benevolent intention. That spirit of sustaining help has fashioned the world in all its charming variety of improvements and in all its classical growth of culture and refinement. Christ lit his taper with love, and humanity caught the effulgent rays to light up their platform of movement. Without love the world could not exist, because love, or, harmony, which signifies love, is the pivot on which the world turns in motionary evolution. Love is the permeating fluid that tones all nature with the aroma of success. Love is the balance wheel that acts on the graded road of life, and turns on its own axis of accomplishment to further some other scheme of royal purport, or, daring adventure, for the outstanding cause of freedom. Love is no trifler, although his coy wings are dipped in all the pools of life; and beside the stagnant water of uncertainty and doubt he flings a silver dart of hope to ripple in the undercurrent and brings to its brink some token of use. If love gushes through our souls we have heard the voice of God speaking from the hill top, or the mount of transfiguration. And if we heed the voice, and send an echoing response in some outspoken deed of

charitable import, then has God acknowledged our worth and given us a seat in the kingdom of heaven. But if, on the other hand, we hear the voice of God, and our heart lights up with no answering echo, no response given to his call for help beside the stricken streams of life, and no sense of gratitude expressed for the comforts surrounding our homes on earth, can we then, in neglecting to respond to God's call, lift our hearts to his throne of grace and triumphant love with the meekness of "thy will be done on earth, even as it is done in heaven"? Can we take that prayer of sanctification as lip-service and feel ourselves the chosen ones of God, feel that we merit his voice of approval when our conscience is truant to the cause we represent? Oh! the hollowness and mockery of charade acting in real life. It sickens and disgusts a soul of true refinement and sensibility.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRIST came on earth, in Bible version, to save sinners. Are we then to suppose that prior to Christ's coming God made no provision for the sinner, that an after consideration gave birth to the thought that his first plan could be improved upon? that he had made a mistake in the formula of his first design? that Christ could help to fashion a better system, whereby all could be led to the altar of salvation? Is not that allowing by God's written testimony that he was liable to change? That in whoever and in whatever he needed help, there he should make the demand. And does not God verify that past assertion by every call he makes on humanity to enlarge the sphere of usefulness by liberalizing their spirit of deal, and putting out the hand of help wherever a demand is realized and

God's voice recognized in the demand?

> "God ne'er deceives. His wondrous voice
> Proclaims its power; and we, in listening
> To its spell, find true enchantment
> There doth dwell."

Then we doubt the voice of God; we doubt the uprightness of our own being; we doubt our capacity to perform a loving act, and thus doubting, we harden to the reality of the doubt, and become niggards and misers around a board spread by the loving heart and hand of God. Christ spread his table for all, else he never could have served God, because God will have all brought unto the knowledge of the truth in his own good time. Christ sprouted the seeds implanted in the bulwarks of God's sustaining strength and love. Christ was the effulgent ray floated to the world in her hour of dark despair. Christ stood in the old world, a miraculous interposition of Providence, a negotiator between heaven and earth, a silver cord dropped to the world by the right hand of God. But to-day, with the light of Christianity beaming over the face of God's earth and lighting up the darkened intellect of man, Christ assumes

his standard worth, and the purpose of his mission is being recognized and labelled on the heart, and taken to the inner sanctuary of the soul as a test-mark of strength or a badge of honor that we cannot wear in truth to our mode of outside deal. In this nineteenth century God is listening for the broad shout that shall proclaim Christ understood, brought to the platform of national honor, and taken to the hearthstone and fireside of every social altar that rears a keeping in the land. Christ's mission must be fully understood in order to be fully believed, and must be fully believed in order to work any improvement, or liberal change, beside our stream of life. Christ's whole character is glowing with beautiful attributes of service to the world, and we have only to make a choice of which key or how many keys in the grand scale shall lead us out to the exemplified harmonious condition of Christ. We, as one grand body, or army, are marching to the battlements of salvation, and should have our journey rear for us a seat of eminent worth. Then will our earth career light up our whole future course of action and guide us to the mercy seat of God. "For as many as come I will

in no way cast off, saith the Lord my God." Christ in his eminent worth laid the foundation for a world of great beauty and compass of design. Christ saw the end from the beginning, saw the worth and power of man's interior ability, saw the great scope in God's outstanding worlds for mind to range through and gather for the great system-house of God's own plan. Christ saw God's need of help invested in man. Therefore, Christ took the broadest basis at his command for liberty, and made the underpinning to every movement fast by the bond of love. Christ understood the worth of that principle to the human heart, understood that it would be the pivot on which the whole social world would turn in its evolutions of reform, understood that love was God's watchword of call to every soul on the journey of life, and understood the strength, power and capability of that one little word, that fills the soul with the holiest aspirations and the heart with the divinest acts of benevolence and mercy. Let love preside beside our daily walks; let love be our motto of sustaining strength and let love be our shield against the temptations of the sinful man that walks beside our wandering

footsteps, ever ready to lead us away from our hoisted flag of trust, and ever ready with the words *Self* and *Gain* to shipwreck our freight of love, and leave us with hardly a seed of promise to sprout a Christian life.

CHAPTER XV.

IN giving Marigolds by the Wayside to the world, I am preparing humanity for a step in the fields of scientific exploration, a field wherein all should garner for the kingdom of use. Science is the height, breadth and depth of an outwrought purpose or design; the shaping of a thing made; the fashion or style of any given structure, let that structure be God, man, or the devil, in outwrought model, it must have a scientific basis of formation, the whys and wherefores of construction, the indwelling, paramount reason for existing, and existing in the form put forth. Science is the broadest scope yet given to mankind whereby mysteries can become soluble to mind, whereby facts can be established and mythical dealing done away with, a stampede movement given to all rubbish that does not

comport with reason's torchlight of investigation. Science is on the hunter's track; and the dogs at bay, or, the outstanding scouts of opposition, will stand but a poor chance for bagging in any section where free institutions for education and liberalization have become a paramount feature in governmental discipline. Education is the world's sifting machine, and through that process is the world becoming wise in its own good time. Science will uphold every truth that education brings to the rostrum for investigation, because truth is a staple article and cannot be gainsaid or thrust out of existence. It may be set aside for future use or toning up to meet an emergent case of doubtful authority, but cannot be lost to the world's view. At sometime, and, seemingly, when most needed, truth ever makes her appearance, and, with the spirit of defiant skill, removes all obstacles shadowing her smiling face. Truth ever stands in the background of error, willing to give error precedence on a track outlasting time and reaching to the fountain head of every streamlet, or river flow of knowledge, that picks its way to the understanding of man. The infancy of mind will no longer be the mighty barrier to drown

the voice of freedom's call. The stone has been removed from the mouth of the sepulchre, and the chanting voice from the mighty dead will proclaim the heathen world the ark wherein no safety can be found and wherein no knowledge can be obtained.

The heathen world, or black mail of knowledge, has long since lost its charm for me. I have done picking in history for truths to garnish my store of accumulated treasure. I have done with mankind as a basis for all truth, or, as a basis from which to rear a temple whose crowning worth shall be a star, or gleaming light, to guide the erring ones of earth along their uneven destiny of motion, and along a journey freighted with keepings for God's kingdom-house of eternity. My journeyings will ever be on the line of progressive research. I shall cause earth by repeated effort, to disburse her bank stock of scientific keepings, and give to the world as I shall find time to sift and prepare the grains of truth from the chaff which is ever in attendance, and serves its purpose by concealing the pearls until mankind are ready for the glittering diadem to be bound around the brow and heart, and treasured as a panacea of sustaining strength forever and

forever. Let truth take hold of heart and soul. Let God's merciful plan towards his children be sought and fully comprehended, and let the welkin ring of joy fill the air, that angels who are ever near may catch the silver chimes and carry them as a feast of fatlings to the hearts awaiting at the portals of eternity to be understood and loved as of yore. Oh, the mercy displayed in God's great and glorious plan of salvation! Who but disembodied mortals can comprehend the beauty of the change called Death, the hallowedness and sacredness of an entrance on the untried fields of spirit life? Who but disembodied mortals can tell of the glories that await the unredeemed of earth? Who can picture so well as those who have seen the reality and lived face to face with the beauty of this great truth; and lived, soul answering soul, by the solemn compact made between God and man, and kept sacred until man himself could proclaim unto his brother man the sublime pathos of God's voice of love, when speaking from the hill top of Sinia, through the wisdom of angel messages, that have ever kept God's throne sacred and beyond any dividing line of doubt. Doubt is the door of darkness,

through which mankind must pass to the full light of actual experience. Doubt sits beside our homes on earth, a grim scarecrow, feeding on the refuse of past generations, and ever digging backwards into a hole of discontent, that offers no peace or permanence of position, whereby the soul can gather strength for repeated investigation. Doubt is a harness that is always out of repair, never ready for use or actual demonstration, but hanging idly on the shoulders of the foolish, or, unwise Samaritan or Sadducee of present or past history in the world.

> "Doubt digs a grave of wondrous width,
> But rarely scans a field for gain,
> Lest chance might throw a skilful hook
> And find the truths by doubt disclaimed."

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE is no skill so great as digging in cast off rubbish for seeds to maintain illiberal sentiments, and sprout theories that cannot exist by the light of reason's sway; because reason is the key-note on which God tunes the harmony of success, and on which he plays for the advancement of each and every soul bearing the lever of thought to systematize what God gives in abstract ideas. God has harnessed us with an individuality entirely our own, and we have a work to do with that purpose of God's formation. We cannot shirk our individulization. It clings to us with a tenacity of will that sets at defiance any skill over our maintainance of natural keepsakes from the hand of God. What is nature with us will always cling to us, because that is the God within us, the imperishable seed rooted when

God purposed our existence and career. When God breathed into man the breath of life, and man became a living soul, — a monument of strength, with an anterior purpose existing around every loop-hole of individuality. We cannot escape the mark set upon Cain, — it is branded for all time and sticks its pin of claim around, above and below our outspoken effort of attainment. We can no more move outside of our own orbit of motion, with success to ourselves, than can planetary evolution take place outside of its own given line of march, for God is our propelling wheel, turning on the axis of his own free will and pleasure. God motions our destiny to us by signs set in the foreground of our experience, and the turning hand of fate points the road for our wayward feet to travel in. We have no free will outside of God's free will, for if we moved different from what we do move, we should be different individuals, and God would never be sure of his own, and the law of recompense never called to actual demonstration.

> "For by God's law and will divine,
> All nature reaches the sublime."

Is it right, then, for sin to tear through our natures, that the law of recompense be called to actual service? Is it right for sin to abound, that good may much more abound? Is it right for God and the devil to enter into partnership for the salvation or destruction of machines that had no hand in their own building? I ask, is it right to set man afloat a sham power, ready for the picking hand of Satan to flourish before a just God's attempt at supreme rule?

When man flourishes creeds before the world he allows God but half a share of the proceeds that he sent his son to gather in full, making his plan a failure and himself unreliable for the world's service, and man incompetent to judge between the false and true, or the good and evil, in social life, — for social life is the mainspring of man's ultimate destiny. It is in social intercourse that the heart gathers strength, and the soul blooms with verdure that ripens to advantage in the kingdom of heaven. It is in social intercourse that we lay the foundation for grasping magnetic strength and fervor of accumulation. Social intercourse opens the love fountain of our natures, sifts the bread of life throughout our whole being, and wafts

the angelic tune of harmony beside our every day walks, and beside the feudal camp of political and financial warfare and strife of party colors and party legislative bickerings that offer no good to any system that serves a national board of honor. The American legislative grandeur of conception could not be surpassed on the earth formula of design. It has a broad sweep against any nationality of invasion. Its birthright gift is freedom; and that spirit is extended throughout the length and breadth of the Christian world. That spirit is her nationality of success, her glorious star of promise that never must grow dim,—for freedom is God's watchful eye that ever surrounds any outreach of principle, or destiny of effort, on the part of man. Freedom cherishes the bond that makes all men brothers, and unites them to a purpose of active duty in the broad field of primitive labor and toil. Freedom cherishes the evangelical platform of deal, by doing unto others as ye would that others should do unto you. When we can do that we have taken up every cross and strewn our walks with roses, that send out their fragrance at every crushing footfall of time. How easy it is to make hearts

glad, to send a boon of pleasure where we oft-times fill the soul with pain and pierce the temple of confidence with the barbed arrow, whose pointed thrust lays low its strength of appeal and outgushing beauty of freedom and love.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE mainspring of action in freedom's line of march is the internal lever that uproots all theories, or olden institutions, that have become leaky or unsafe from non-use or corrupt fraternizing of their social elements of power. What mankind are willing and ready to take is freedom's aim to legalize to their footing of acceptability. Freedom ignores all restraint not compatible with growth or reason's sway of deal, that is ever searching for means to widen the old hedgerow of oppression. Man easily learns to sail outside the beaten track of ancestral sprouting; early learns that the game of cribbage can be widened at its base and admit the spectator to the board of shuffle and deal that offers so much employment and amusement to the capitalists around the board of play. Old Johnny Bull may wink and spout, and try his utmost to find out the whys and

wherefores of the bagging process that is enacted around the American field of honest labor, and around the American field where honest accumulation ever meets the voice of approval and wears the smiling face of content. Is it because the spirit of the old world has crept into the American nest of reputed freedom and hatched an egg of discontent, that is to destroy the basis, or principle that underlies the system of honest toil which is assuming a non-committal appearance, that bespeaks little freedom in systematized effort to make the weak more strong and build a fortification that shall ensure safety to all classes and grades of civilization, that throng around the American footstool of labored enterprise, that, untrammeled by the false spirit of pride, would be the national badge of honor to be worn by any country with success to its growth of power and liberty of expression? America has a broader basis of liberty than any other country; and yet there seems to be a tightening up of the aristocratic line of social encounter, and a disposition asserts itself of making patchwork of every person's private history not labelled to the world by the stamp-mark of gold.

As I survey earth from my spiritual locality I see how utterly worthless is the tribute paid to wealth, how little claim it has at the fountain of worth to which mankind are all hastening. God never designed wealth as an object in life. We must have an object paramount to its accumulation, else we are idolators to the golden glitter of earth's staple article of mischief. Wealth, or the love of wealth, when rightly directed, is accessory to the maintainance and carrying out of plans necessary to the world's improvement and growth in institutional and classical reforms. Wealth should never be worn as a badge of honor, lest it trail the soul in the dust and cause a blindness to creep over our mental vision, worse than the wind sweeps or simoon whisperings to the parched-up surface of Arabia's climes.

> "Wealth hid, kept, or stole away,
> Is good for nought but devil's prey."

When the soul wanders out in search of gold there should be a motive anterior to the desire of accumulation, and that motive should be wound around some purpose for the soul's improvement and growth. If the soul accumulates merely to garnish its body-

house of clay, where is the staple fund for future use, when the body has taken part with its element of earth? Where are the tokens of earth's mission of labor when body and soul have made a final separation, and the body, so cared for, sinks to its home of rest, leaving the soul a wanderer still, but bereft of purpose or activity to finish a life that commenced with a basil motive fixed in earth? Oh, the degradation and hollowness of a life spent on its foundation site, with no star of hope pointing to the world of illumination, whose lustrous truths are lighting up the by-paths of earth and causing the spirit of uneasiness to float round the soul's temple of ease and earthly immolation! Oh, the grandeur and beauty of living for heaven while yet on the earth, of living in daily communion with God while we are serving the earthly purposes for which he designed us and for which he gives us daily assurance, if we but open our hearts in the direction of his holy sanctuary of peace! God offers us wisdom, offers us the light of divine revealment, if we but open our door of understanding and reach for the things that pass not away, but have hold on life eternal.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOD winds our purpose around us at the beginning of our life of responsibility, and we are fitted with machinery adequate to the demand made on our strength. We cannot go outside of our own locomotive force, either in the office of brain work or the car of bone and sinew development. God never asks an impossibility of us. He ever keeps his demand within the pale of our gifts, but asking us, with lover-like devotion, for the fulfilment of the outstanding promise that our will and energetic effort are capable of holding true. Where there's a will there is a way, is an old and trite saying, but nevertheless true, and if carried the oftener into practice, the spirit world would receive less half-fledged

souls than it does at present. Man's wisdom lies in his strength of accomplishment, in his willingness and activity of zeal to fill the circle marked out for his glory of achievement. Man, in order to fill both measures of his individualization, should harness his team double, must have his services renderered on earth mingle to advantage in the formation of his spiritual career, or life of onward harmony or discord; for, as we spin and reel our yarn it mingles in the fabric of use or becomes a tangled skein unfit for any real service. There is a class of minds that float along through life with no particular aim or wish to gratify, outside the keeping of earthly surroundings. Such minds rarely drink at the fountain of knowledge. Their stand point of accumulation has no basis depth on which to rear a social foundation that can, in any way, improve other minds that frequently come in contact with them. It should be the aim of every individual to throw out a focus of light sufficient to guide some other traveller who may be wandering in darkness and error, waiting for a glimmer of knowledge to light the way to a happier position, which they feel could be obtained, and, with a little light given, the future would

seem less cheerless. Why is it that we do not seek each other's happiness more? Why do we leave the lever of love and friendship to rust in the soil of pernicious selfishness, making us cold and unfeeling, unsocial and unlovable? The extended hand of friendship has saved many an erring one from sinking to the bottomless pit of despair, and how many more who are wrecked on the billows of time could have been saved, and their lives garnished with the flower of hope, had some kind heart shot into their souls the arrow of sympathy, whose quivering touch changes the whole course of wrong doing in the penitent receiver. We cannot have too much sympathy. It is God's motive power of active duty. It braces the heart and sheds the glorious light of God's favor around our pathway of loving help to each other. God notes the falling of the sparrow, notes the roar and sweep of old ocean's grandest moods, notes the wayward, truant heart sealed to the purpose of destruction, and notes the illiberal hand and heart that move not at the call for help to wind around their stronghold of error, and lift them from the degradation and misery that is fast creeping around them. There is no blind-

ness on God's part, or failing to see the battles fought and victory won, the lost restored, the weak strengthened, and the good made happy, by the reflection of the sunlight shed around the desolate homes of earth. Oh, the beauty of doing good! The glory of achievement to the soul that starts out on a mission of mercy! The angels in heaven bow with reverence, and the hushed voice of smiling content rests over the new Jerusalem, for therein is seen the breastwork to a grand scheme in life, and therein is witnessed Jehovah's call on a redeemed soul to come to the marriage feast prepared for those that serve God. For the bride and the groom say come, and all nature drinks in the spirit of joy over the Christian's act of mingled charity and love. Christ could do no more than to do good. His miracles had goodness for a basis of performance, and his every deed done for humanity was radiant with the spirit of goodness. That principle interlaced his every movement and crowned his every effort and made him a successful financier around the heart of human needs. Christ crowned his every effort with the starry emblem of brotherly love and humane sympathy. That spirit is

worthy of the highest cultivation. It made Christ divine, and restored him in all his primitive beauty to the glorified seat beside his father's throne of mercy. Mankind only need the spirit of goodness interlaced in all the business transactions of time, and rooted in every effort to advance freedom and promote the growth and well-being of sectional communities that are scattered throughout the length and breadth of civilization. I well remember, in travelling my round of earthly duties, that the spirit of goodness and Christ-like purity of purpose was the oftener met beside the hearthstone of the non-possessor of wealth and opulence of bearing to the world. I have seen the hand of poverty extended with its widow's mite and a smile of accompaniment that would grace an angel's brow. And I have seen the hand of wealth put forth to succor the needy with a grimace or abstract air that told of no heart-work or sympathy for the oppressed of poverty. And I have wondered if of such were the kingdom of heaven; and, if the kingdom of heaven sprouted no wealth of earthly lustre, where was the leading strings to their enjoyment, where the basis ground for ultimate happiness. Oh, ye careless and

wicked ones of earth, why not live Christ and him crucified? Why not forego some of the scarlet of worldly pleasures that burn and scar the soul, making God seem afar off and Christ a Savior of mythical bearing.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE world has been wrought on by every system of oppression. No free torch has been allowed to burn. The target of defamation has been hurled from the pulpit and every rostrum upheaved to foster indolence and selfish principality of power. This mock heroism, or Herodism, is disgusting and sickening to a soul capable of finding worth outside of the world's pomp and glitter, — outside of her charnel-house of ostentatious merit. When we in spirit life look the matter of earth's showy platform of Christian worship in the face, and note its inefficiency of subduing pride or weaving the spirit of Christ into its network of use, we cavil at the soundness of theological hyperbole, or witchcraft, that travels the world for the ultra purpose of harnessing a team for the devil to drive, and furnishing

the necessary accoutrements to please genteel society. We in spirit life wonder at the earth's fabrication of such showy material whereby to evince a change of heart or purpose to the world; and we wonder at the illiberal spirit maintained in the Christian fold, wonder at the allegorical representation of Christ as being believed in this age of wisdom of opinion. The atoning blood of Christ never yet washed away the robe of sin, never sprouted so much as a seed in a garden field of good works to mankind, never illuminated the heart with a single ray of benevolent intention, never cheered the soul with the promise of life everlasting, and never was spilt to redeem mortality. I would say that in the face of ten thousand worlds, and meet the cudgel of disapproval with a gun discharge of truth, aimed at every evangelical temple of defamation that spouts forth its hollow mockery, and has a drop curtain that shuts out every ray of divine truth from the minds of those waiting at the portals of earthly knowledge for light to cheer their onward march.

How deft and cunning is priestcraft! How broad its sweep to evangelize the world! How magnificent in detail to pardon the sin

spotted of earth, and how horrified to find the blazing star of guilt under their covered sanctuary of repose. It is like a galvanic battery on weakened nerves, or, a palsied foot to a sprig of the law, and, I might say, like the serpent in the garden of Eden. The serpent, however, had no one to outwit in gaining his privileges of honor. He must have been allowed of God to mingle with the pure, else how came he in that retreat so sacred to harmony without knowledge. The church may be likened unto the garden of Eden, and priestcraft the flaming sword that turns every way, to ensure safety to the tree of knowledge planted in the soul garden of every individual, and sometimes needing the serpent's sting to awaken from its dormant condition and clothe itself with raiment suited to its need and purpose. According to historical evidence, Eve was dissatisfied, and willing to listen to the serpent, willing to be beguiled or interested from the blank monotony of her surroundings. So, fair Eve found by eating she could see, could distinguish good from evil, and straightway imparted the knowledge to Adam, therein showing man's proclivity to be taught by woman and showing woman's skill in prob-

ing secret institutions of power. Woman's field of usefulness has of late years been a libel on her page of illustrated worth, that hangs before the world, a covenant made luminous by effort, deed, love, hope and charity, mingled in her breastplate worn for the benefit of humanity. Woman must yet bring her team of use to be acknowledged from the stand point of intellectual ability, must cope with man in the field of literature and science, and use her key of speculation to ingraft womanhood with the principle of financiering ability, thus doubling her capacities and fitting her to be self-sustaining and independent of man's arm of help, which oft-times proves a curse, leaving her moral nature trailing in the dust and mirage of earth.

My purpose is not here to show woman's broad field of duty; what she can, will and must accomplish by overt, independent, free-thinking, free-acting ability. The reins are gradually nearing her grasp, whereby she can step to the rescue of womanhood and bring forth the dormant principles from her casket of strength to be even-handed with man, poised for an encounter with the stern facts of life. I intend to build a fort ress of

strength to support woman in the arduous duties consequent to her obtaining her true position in life. I intend to harness the lady now under my control with a life-lease of my individuality, and proclaim from the rostrum or pulpit, if allowed, the full and detailed advantages of female suffrage to the world. I intend to put the key of strength in her hands to be used the following spring, or as soon as May, 1871, and, until that time arrives, shall make good my promise of sending her to California to drink the balmy softness of her sunny clime. I have been canvassing the matter in spirit realms of starting a paper in San Francisco, entitled "The Theological Chip Basket," and I find that some of the leading minds in my sphere of advancement are ready and willing to advance their mite of knowledge to start earth out on a surer footing of salvation than she now possesses. Some of the leading minds around my perch of glory would contribute from ancient history, which has undergone a process of purification, or of sifting, which has separated the wheat from the chaff, and, by dropping the wheat on earth in its purified condition, it may assume its relative value and become a staple arti-

cle, to be promulgated by theologians who wish to use the white bread of truth in preference to the brown bread of error. There are other minds here who will give facts from travels in higher localities, and also in the lower grades of social life and bearing to the world they inhabit. Altogether, it will be a paper of interest and relative worth to mankind. The reason of my introducing my paper in this book is to somewhat advertise it and prepare the public for its advent, which will, I think, be in July or August. The great Irish tragedian always announced his plays several weeks in advance of their peformanee, to ensure a successful house and give *Bon Vivant* to the play.

CHAPTER XX.

IN Baxter's Saints' Rest is a passage, which, I think, nearly compor ts with Schiller's fearful wail over the lost ones of earth. Schiller and Baxter both drank from God's high pressure-house of wrath, and folded their hearts and hands complacently over their works inspired by their belief. The world is now playing dodge with those olden authors, who burnished their works with God's implacable enmity and wrath. Baxter headed his puffs and tit-bits of savory knowledge by the flaming sword, made keen and sure by God's promise laid down in Holy Writ and revealed to men on earth who could drink truth and beauty from a God of such glowing attributes of power.

How God has softened in his feelings

towards humanity! How he has allowed the church to become liberalized! How sorry he must have been to acknowledge his error in so broad and harmonious a manner, to allow the sheep and goats to travel out on the road of progress together, to drink at the same fountain and be fed by the same liberal hand of mercy! Oh, God, I thank thee for thy change of heart, for the change thou hast made around thy great pool of salvation. And, oh, God, I thank thee for thy wondrous storehouse of knowledge, for the variety expressed in thy kingdom-house of use. And, oh, God, for the perceptive faculties in man, I bow in reverence before thy throne of universal keepsakes, ready to be distributed when mind calls for its own, and thou, oh, God, art conditioned to give in full to the glory of the Lamb which is in Christ Jesus.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN God created man, he made him from the dust of the earth and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. The Bible has never stated by what process God fashioned man from the earth, whether it was systematic outreach on God's part or a combined process of elementary activity, called into operation at God's word of command. It seems to me that were God a personality, capable of knowing and capable of telling all things, he would have revealed to man the origin of his birth, and not have left that all important matter a subject for so much speculation. I suppose some would say God knew best in what condition to leave man, and we should not speculate on God's ways, for they are past finding out. But, by some process or hocus-pocus of God's

will, the truth is leaking through its nest of rubbish, and man is coming to the knowledge of his birth-hour in matter. God fashioned man from the exigency of an outside want in nature. If we go back to chaos we will find, interlaced in her roomy receptacles, the *finesse dictum*, or seedling, which has reared, or grown, man to his present condition in life. As it is spiritualistic movement in matter that gyrates to the course of time, we may well suppose that when spirit has done with the matter it forms, it lays it away, for other combined forces to operate upon, and takes on a higher grade of bearing, distinguishable to the next locality in progress. First, the seedling, then the graft, and then the spirit of the full grown apple, which ripens and is sent on earth to propagate new species and in a higher state of cultivation. And so we might say with regard to man. He is first but a seedling, until the ingrafting of God's scientific plan commences, and then he is reared for propagating through the natural functions of animal law. But what we most wish made clear to the mind is, at what point in matter spirit undertakes to master crude material; at what point matter assumes

capacity or research to move on independent principle.

Geologians have sifted earth to find the key-note to intellectuality, but have never found the blazing star shot at one particular element composing the vice-royalty of earth. Are we, then, to conclude that God has so far hid the basis of being that mind can never ferret the truth from the depth of his almighty kept-house of knowledge, and so lay idly on our oars, waiting for the tide to drift us to the promised land of safety, with no more knowledge of the principle of navigation than when we started our life boat of ease? God forbid that we should be drifters throughout the course of time, and enter on the untried fields of spirit life with clipped wings and banners flapping idly by our sides. God wrought man out of confusion: now let us bring reason to the rostrum, or, in other words, let us use reason instead of any personal God, for I contend that man's reason is his God personified within himself, and any other God that his God appeals to is the interior financiering element or elements in nature. I do not say this interior power in nature is not comprehensive, all-wise and benevolent in intents and purposes, but I do

say, this comprehensive power uses the lever of law in every detail or minutia of labor, and picks its strength of accomplishment from system laid down in the start of chaotic building. God's chaotic-house of fire and water mingled its crater of strength for the spasmodic outlay of earth, and when earth assumed a spheroid shape, the soil was lava with large tracts of water, broadcast and free, swaying the molten lava like a lever of use in God's hand of mighty architecture. As time crept along on the wing of God's law, water had done noble duty and lava showed it had not been appealed to in vain, What had once been a mass of molten ruin was coming into the traces, to be wrought on by cause and effect. I do not mean to say that the law of cause and effect was not anterior to the birth of the world, but I am bringing it to the point of use in matter where mind can comprehend its instigation and merit of appeal. As lava became stratified it began to show its particles of worth, began to show its attributes in financiering ability, and show how much Saturn had entailed her precepts and examples into the brain receptacles of her child thrown from her crater of benevolent intention. Some

will ask what is this inlaid principle running through all worlds that acts in the right time and place? Is it God? Is it mind superior to mind in man, or is it chance-work from beginning to end, or chance-system wrought on by an internal revenue fund, or a tax-gatherer working for the benefit of outwrought principle? There is no power of mind so grand as nature, and if God be apart from nature he must have rested since the seventh day, for we find no account of his labor since. He built the world, and rested on the seventh day of time, but nature has never ceased to build, ever at work, taking on new forms and new expressions of beauty, to gladden the eye of man and keep good her power of maintenance and duty of design.

Let me here state God's essentialities and proclivities as a builder and finisher. Let us drink as deep as we can of God, quenching our thirst at every passport offered to our acceptance. Let us not think because God is power, majesty, grandeur and all in all, that we must bow in ignorance and humility before his throne of outlayed principles and seek no pickaxe of use to delve in the storehouse that contains our first seed-

ling fruits. God forbid that we should show no interest in our birth-hour fixed in matter, show no inclination to locate ourselves on the topmost round of the ladder of ascent, and pick our way backwards with the easy formula of a practical ambitionist. God in nature surrounds every loop-hole of defence, fills every brigade of error, and lights up every pool of truth, and sweeps every board of progress of the haschish of narcotic slumber.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN lava had assumed ability to fashion life, God's grandeur of design was in its swaddling cloth of capacity, and earth had to fashion from the mind in keeping. Earth can only build from the law of intelligence, or intellectuality, which runs parallel and co-equal with cause and effect, and is the head or brain work that precedes motion, the thought impelling movement, and it heralds its approach by the structure formed. Every casket in outwrought shape containing life has its own seed or God-head of power to fashion its own individuality or animality of purpose. The point fixed on by all scientific explorers for the mind's birth in matter is where instinct and reason cope for the mastery. The bare fact of life proves nothing outside of nature, for nature is life. You cannot

divorce one atom of animalculæ from her claim, and every atom of matter is life and every particle of dust is a fibre thrown from the great volcano of nature and contains the electricity of motion. Every draught of air we take into our organs of respiration is formed of solvent dust particles, and therefore belongs to nature, but a step in advance of earth vision, for the sense of visual observation fails to detect atmospheric law condition. When matter becomes too refined for our vision of matter, it is then in a spiritualized condition and appeals to our spirit nature. It is a part and parcel of us, holding its attachment to our internal capacity of thought, or our internal capacity of conscience, the monitor that guides, governs and directs our more clumsy team of earth proportions. What we now wish to compass with the mind portion of our being is, what constitutes mind and what element in the outside world had the hook of power to grapple mind from instinct, or separate the grains of wheat from the barley of animal use. Instinct is a want of the flesh, a need inwrought in nature, a fibre that runs through the molten lava of first principle. The power in matter to build is but a fashion

in God's eye of use, a drop in the lake of fire and brimstone, that lifts an appeal on to the surface of eventful career. The breath of instinct breathed into man as the breath of life is the soul element in matter. It is matter itself; it is God in decimal proportion, or in the fractional part of the universal whole. There is no such thing as dead matter, dead principle or dead God. The terms are co-equal in import, but fashion has picked a line of difference that reason is fast trailing in the dust. Were it possible for matter to become dead, there would be a cessation in the wheel of time, a screw loose in God's machinery-house, and first principles would suffer. God himself would suffer and humanity would be on unsafe footing. Let us allow, then, the impossibility of extinct matter, the utter incomprehensiveness of a blow destroying God; for if we destroy a single attribute in his structure-house, we make God incomplete and insecure as a basis on which to rest our salvation. God's fundaments, so to speak, are laid in matter, or they are a part and parcel of matter. Let structured matter, or matter *en masse*, undergo decomposition: — it is matter still. You cannot change the solid-

ity of matter: you may change its form, change its locality, but every element is still in its native dignity of purpose, making God unchangeable at the basis of structure and unchangeable with his elements of purpose.

The first structures of animal life that found shape on external principle were gaseous bodies of huge proportions, because in the newness of earthly outlay the atmosphere contained more gas than carbon. Hence, gas assumed the lead in the builder's art, and blew forth monstrosities, shapeless and almost senseless, for the reason that gas is the element that contains the haschish of slumber. In the summer solstice, when the atmosphere contains more gas, there is always a predisposition for more sleep; but, as the days shorten and carbon mingles its exhilarating influence with the gaseous fluids in atmospheric condition, we are toned up to meet the exigences of the change, as in the beginning, when God created man from the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul, an exhilarated structure through the combined forces of atmospheric gases. Everything in nature depends on

God's breathing atmospheric spirit, or electric life, into the function of reception. The blade of grass is as dependant on God's breathing as any formation of animal life. We note decay in the vegetable world, supposing there is a loss, when 'tis but a supply gone forth to keep good the vitalizing force necessary for promulgation. For as the seed is sown, so would it lie but for the decay of vegetable matter to keep good the condition of vegetable growth. Every variety in the vegetable or floral kingdom sends into space its own particular element for recuperation. Each element in matter throws off a corresponding spirit element to keep good the law of reproduction. We see a barren tract of land, and we necessarily conclude the fault of non-productiveness to be in the interior secretions of that portion of earth's locality, when the real and true fault lies at the door of non-conformity to law in outside principle. The earth contains the elements to foster whatever nature, or God, sows the seed for, but the breath of life breathed from the outside world may be too highly inflated with the obnoxious principles surrounding some other field of cultured worth. What is meat for some is poison to others: — that adage

will apply as well to vegetable production as to the well-being of humanity. The breath of life may be tainted with the moral leprosy of sin, thereby throwing its glamour of deceit around our prized bed of earthly sowing. We are not proof against the alluring breath of the tempter's call, unless firmness stand sentinel at our doorway of appeal, and turn no willing ear to the fair-faced visitor whose offers portend destruction to the receiver.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MATTER, *en masse*, is only soluble by the law of gravitation that tends to a focus of power. The earth is but the centre of atmospheric by-play, the tendency to solidity of purpose, God's finger-mark of actual demonstration to the mind of man. Saturn desired to locate another territory analagous to her code of deal. Atmospheric law was called to active duty by Saturn's demand on the galvanic pressure law circulating in space. The world of motion is hidden from our external gaze. We only live in the present tense of actuality. All other life is in the orbit of to be, to our activity of demonstration. We can only grasp within our power of comprehension, and so run into the channel that there is no other world or worlds, because our earth vision has limited us within the

range of the organ of comprehension. All motion commences before the eye can make claim to detection. Motion is anterior to sight. It is God's breath stirring every fibre of soul and demonstrative to the eye of faith and interior capacity of mind. Motion runs a line of march from the law of cause and effect. It is want that causes motion, whether it be physical or mental. Its power of appeal vibrates on the springs of action, showing that the interior contains the circular saw of motionary evolution. Our man of time is the first to make an appeal on our interior capacity of movement, for the reason that the time-man must first be served. First come, first served, is a law of respect that is well to be observed, and as the figurative man first claimed the board of attention, we may well suppose that the constructed claimed of the constructor. God fashioned man from the dust of the earth. Man grew into being from an earthly basis of movement on God's part, from a link in his chain of animal financiering. The formation of animal life, or animal matter, — the terms are synonymous in significant appeal to reason, — is stratified and running in direct line from the fossil or vegetable

kingdom of growth. The vegetable world has its soul element hung in space, and it also retains the outreach of principle to foster its own keepsakes to a higher standard of growth in the outside world. The power of respiration is as much a law in the vegetable or floral univercœlum of matter as in the higher outreach of animal life. All vegetation breathes, drinks and eats. All nature opens the receptive valves and takes to the fount of being the element or elements of sustaining life. Man is but an outreach from vegetable, floral, animal and mineral substances, and, as each possess the combination process, you cannot dissolve the unitarian compact existing in their broad field of labor without detriment to the structured greatness of their fashionable designs. Man partakes of all the essentialities in nature's wardrobe of use, and you find the mixtured emblems throughout his whole structure of earthly proportion. What man claims above the brute creation, and what he holds superior and above animal law to accomplish, is a mind-focus of power that has drifted along God's line of march unto its present degree of illumiuated bearing to the world.

"To fathom mind is to fathom God:
For God, his grandeur to express,
Built Man upright, and did him bless;
And, to fulfil his law divine,
He gave to Man the key sublime"

To unlock the fountain head of truth, and bring God to be recognized as a part of the structure he formed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GOD is the circulating element in space; the undertone that moves the wheel of motion; the great "I Am," and the always "To Be"; the monitor that governs time and stretches the arm of strength around the vastness of the eternal shores of progress. God spelt the A B C of earth, and moved along the grade of intuitive knowledge up to the point where instinct or reason would lead the day-march of time. And when instinct claimed her measure full and running at the brim, God placed a spiral hook around the running waste and caught it above the element of time. We must allow the deftness and cunning of God's skill in winding matter to its full fruition before instituting the key of reason, because matter must be full grown in all its soluble parts before it attains capacity to reconstruct or

organize on a higher or broader basis of movement. Matter springs at the touch of reason, and moves from the life-giving forces in elementary commotion. Are we, then, to suppose that life and reason are synonymous, — that reason holds no higher use than animal existence? God forbid that mind, the key-note of God's power, should not possess the faculty of picking itself clear of matter. I say, God forbid that mankind face matter as the ultimate and finale, when the great heart cry from God's nationality of worlds is for an ascension robe of life everlasting. Reason instituted power when instinct had glorified itself in the upright position of apehood, showing that matter has the spiral attributes of growth; showing that God, the magnet and propeller, flourishes the proviso condition above the creeping things of earth when instinct had assumed the upright posture. There must either be a bar let down, or a step taken in advance, because there is no cessation to God's wheel of motion. It must turn in advance rotation or go back on a retrograde movement, and, as God does not fashion to kill, there is but one conclusion to arrive at, and that is, outgrowth from the God-head

of power, or the God-head of natural systematic law, — the terms are co-existing in and for each other. There is but one moving power, and that power must fill the whole range of thought; must beat against every cell of our being; must climb to the highest point of intellectual growth and sink to the lowest depths of human misery and woe. It must fill all nature with its sublime pathos of glory, light and love; must meet and fill the great mind want of God the Father; must reach around all worlds and encompass the beginning and the end; must move in and about all things, and, finally, must quench the thirst of God by becoming God. For God is all there is. We are all God, a part of the tree of life, a branch or twig cut for the hand of use that is moving to keep God's platform safe and sound, and beyond the suspicion of a break.

Let us attempt to analyze God. The thought may seem strange and in advance of our reason to maintain, but in the book of sacred keepings we are commanded, or invited, to "search, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Therefore, with the Scripture permission and our eye of faith wide open, we proceed with

our investigation or analysis of God's stupendous whole. In the beginning was God. And God caused a great void to appear. We might as well say that God was space, and God, or Nature, desired space to be filled, and, as God was the beginning, space must be filled with God. And God caused a separation to be wrought in chaos. There should be earth and there should be heaven, and water should cover the face of the earth and stars should shine in the firmament above. Now, I ask, what had God to do with but himself, herself or itself? (for I have never yet found the point where the gender of God could be located). We call God "Our Father," when we might with as much truth say God our Mother, or God our Universal Whole, because God has no climax or personality of power. He rides upon the winds and the waves, dives to the lowest depths of mineral, vegetable and animal substance, and mounts the day-god of splendor that rides in the eternal arch of heaven. All nature claims its God of purpose, and no other God mounts the chariot wheel of time or rides along the meandering stream of eternity's bright and flowing waters. God is purpose, is energetic principle, the master-

builder and mover of the great machinery-house that claims its all in God. We cannot open our eyes but God claims the movement; we cannot take to our casket of being the particles that sustain life and individuality but we take that much of God. We breathe, eat and drink God, clothe ourselves with every article of his apparel, and don our interior robe from the system-house of interior design, which is God's work-shop of moving grace and filial bearing to the world. Christ said, "except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Did Christ mean, merging ourselves to the smallness of childhood in simplicity and guilelessness of heart, or were we to become childish in parts to constitute the whole in keeping of heaven. Now, in order to become God's, it is not necessary to change one iota of our structured being, either on external or internal principle, because we are so much of God, legitimate in every part and parcel of our making or forming; for we are formed and we are made, — formed from the dust of the earth, and made serviceable and lasting by the clinch-hook of God's indomitable will, that could not rest beside the apeish stream of

growth. And so to prolong power and keep the channel free for the spirit of progress, he imbued the acme of his whole being into the mind estate of man, and man became gifted and partook of the tree of knowledge, placed by the hand of God broadcast and free for mind to grapple and call its own.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEN Judas betrayed his master, and for thirty pieces of silver gave him into the hands of his enemies, Jesus was fulfilling the divine wisdom of decree, and Judas was serving the hand of God in his instrumentality of purpose. Both moved in their orbit of to be; both fulfilled their destiny of movement, and both were anchored on the eternal shores of progress. Both found their true seat along the glorious line of march that found its starting point on the field of time, and whose end no man hath seen; no, not one, not even the Christ who was caught to the bosom of the father, and made one with the father in purposes of activity and zeal in building up the platform whereon would rest the salvation seat of man's accomplishment. Jesus can never arrive at the end of God's pro-

gressive line. God, the maker and finisher of nature's divine law, can never see the end from the beginning, can never find the place Stop, never find the word Halt in all the vocabulary of motion; for God is progressive, the baby-key that unlocks the endless tomb of the greater God. God was space, was the element of water, was earth and all therein contained, the grovelling brute, and the upright figure of man; the spiral point dropped to the figure head of upright position, the growing line of intellectual culture, the maintenance of pure and holy purposes of activity in the world where God is forming daily, and moving on to fashion or create from the olden fashion a truer God to keep good the line of continual march.

> "God lifts aloft a head of power,
> And weakened footsteps trail behind,
> Until the summer solstice hour,
> When every bud becomes a flower,
> And every laggard on the chase
> Meets God in fragments face to face."

God claims himself in all the minutia of the vast whole, — in the dewdrop that hangs a crystal ball upon the nectar lips of the blushing rose, and in the rose itself, the mon-

arch of sweetness and beauty in the floral kingdom; in the grassy plots of verdured green that dot the earth's surface and send their shimmering splendor into the blue vault of heaven; and God claims himself in old ocean's broad expanse of consequential grandeur, in her fitness and aptitude at howling discord, and in her quiet and silvery ripple that breathes nought but harmony across her undulating waves of easy motion and quiet beauty. And so I might trace God through all the vast arena of nature, find him in every locality in the pent-house that spreads no liberal wing for the flight of time, and find him in the great social emancipation question that is stirring the heart of the earth's wide range of intellectual wisdom and sophistry of bearing in the world. God is the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; the God of all modern theism and all modern hashing and bickering after truth; and God is truth, and all there is of truth; is goodness, and all there is of goodness, and all there is of evil; for God is all-in-all, all-wise, almighty, and all-sufficient for time and for eternity. Therefore, let us be content that God has no partner in the world's formation system. Let us be content that he masters

every emotion of guile and spreads his wing of safety around the devil's corner of use. There is no pent-house on the shores of time but God placed the cover and will remove it when he needs that unction of glory to crown another principle dropped into the mind of man. The grandeur of earth and the glory of heaven are in the keeping of a God of system. No will or act of man changes the rotation of his wheel of motion. No interior principle suffers from neglect of use. God moves when the occasion demands a movement; and when his mind, implanted in the organic structure of man, can comprehend the component parts of the great whole, then will his every movement be understood, and man will grasp the hand of God with the friendly clasp of recognition. Man has never comprehended the glory of God; it has been a mountebank of superstition and a mythical structure for mind to ramble around and become fogged under the shadow of God's wing.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE Christian world have always dressed God in the sham clothing of figurative assumption; have ever seated him so far away that reason faltered in the chase. It was like searching for the lost Tribes of Israel who having wandered from the fold of God, ever after found unsafe footing, and to-day have become a myth along the rugged shores of time. And so has reason wandered from the fold of the true God and seated itself on the scarecrow of public favor, and biased by the bank stock in church creed that flourishes nought but the golden calf and fatlings from the first flocks of monied monopoly. Church creed is a libel on the

true breastplate of God's glory that should be worn by the reasoning faculties of man. The church has monopolized the entire fabric of man's platform of fidelity to God. What but a graven image of man-worship is our mother Church of England, our mother Church of Rome, and, I might say, our mother Church of the American field of worship that winds its sluggard footsteps around no God of soul elevation or heartfelt sympathy of emotion. The church is God's pent-house of scorn; his mock ceremonial service that does away with thought, and charms the captive soul with the promise of honor and distinctive merit in the kingdom of heaven. How, I ask, can the binding of faith to the altar of ceremonial service affect the great natural law-heart of God; affect the still later dispensation, whose binding charm and glowing face reflected deeds instead of the falsity and sham that cover the truth and purposes of religion, and cast the dampness of doubt around the heart that is seeking for the bread of heaven to cast before the mind's eye, and become sustaining food when the shadows fall across our rosy walks in life?

We cannot love what we do not under-

stand or appreciate as true, — that would be an inconsistency in human nature, — and to love, reverence and keep God, we must hold on to every garment in his wardrobe of use and every attribute in his field of labor. Every gem in his casket of world renowned splendor must be brought to our shaded eyes, that we, catching the glimmer of a single gem, may bare our sight to the lustre of the whole. No separate part can we take as a beverage that will satisfy our thirst, from a drink at the great pool of life that is running its even course up to every dormant faculty in the nature of man. God's spirit is abroad in this summer of noontide splendor in the world. God shoots his effulgent rays of promise to the understanding and to the wants of human hearts that have suffered in the bondage and toils of mythological errors, sprouted by the hand of man from seed sown on barren waste. There is no part in God's kingdom but what must undergo a thorough searching. The schedule is wide, deep, and filled with every variety of interesting wonders and interesting facts that will bring man to a stand point of decision with regard to his outfit and mission in life. God keeps man's wheel of motion under the hamper of

discontent; keeps him beside the litter of care, perplexities and discouragements, that banish the thought of rest. There is no rest for man, no rest for God. Both act in unison in and for each other. Both fill the orb of constitutional oneness and both balance on the pivot of success, and, I might add, both surround the throne eternal with the evident intention of picking their way to the height of science to maintain. God places man on the direct line of research with himself, and his beckoning hand ever appeals to man's reason; ever says, come thou, for the way is open, and I will lead through all the devious ways that seem pent and dark to the unreasoning faculties of man. God's truth is God himself, the vicegerent of success, the ploughshare that cuts to the centre of all shades of error, and flaunts its spotless garments around the towering pinnacles of false fame. When the last trump shall sound, then will the last truth be told, and man himself will be all there is of truth and all there is of God, for God will then be applied to every portion of our being, and we be caught to the bosom of the true father and flourish our key of strength, with the wisdom that follows, in

every footstep of progress along the meandering stream that starts on the border course of time, and flourishes its apex of glory around every starry realm that lifts a head of grandeur against the defiant skill of man.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THERE is one more point concerning the platform on which individuality must maintain its own principality of power, and also maintain its free, in-born gift of finding God by the light of its own reason. Every person should be a distinct power, or weapon of use, to flourish before the vineyard of the Lord; should be the sailor of his own destiny-ship, and let no insecure hand grasp his rudder of travel. There is no place from the cradle to the grave for man to halt or play truant beside the roadside of onward career; no place to drift into the sloughpools of indolent habit or weave a web of idle dreaming that sifts no knowledge in our pathway of accomplishments for eternity. The web of life, — how intricate and how beautiful we can make its

blended colorings; how easily we can patch up all the deformities that arise from sources outside of our own control, by the willingness of the Christian's heart to see good in every movement of the extended hand of God the Father, and God the Mother, of our outspoken destiny that never leaves us. That one word, fraught with so much meaning, ever stares us in the face; ever holds aloft the transmission key that unlocks the ordeal rooms for our untried feet to traverse, and ever lights God's treasure-house with the promises of our fulfilment. God never requires beyond our capacity to perform. Our tapers of use are lit at our commencement hour. Some culminate in dazzling splendor, while others waste away or only serve to light a darkened pathway. When mankind can look spirit communion in the face as an absolute fact, and as the truth for which mankind have jungled into all sorts of isms to obtain and make fast with the clinch-hook of reason, then will spirit-communion become the elongated method by which mind will become acquainted with all its God-given attributes, and become acquainted with the throne eternal and all the keepsakes therein contained, and all the

mansions of the blest shall undergo the scrutiny of the lovers of the Lord.

When Haman sought the overthrow of the Shushamites, he was laying waste his earth career and laying low his pinnacle of glory on which he hoped to reach the extended hand of God. How many there are who dig a pit for themselves in seeking the destruction or downfall of others who are climbing the ascending hill of life. Haman's gibbet which he caused to be erected filled his measure of content, until the tables were turned and he was doomed to meet the fate destined for another. Selfishness is the great besetting sin that is overwhelming mankind with its cloven foot of distinctive elements of worship. Mankind are gaining on that one error, and its tendency is to stupify all the noble energies and impulses that would drift out to the world with the succoring hand of help. God speed the day when Gethsemane will sprout a broader platform than the stool of selfish monopoly that carries no waif of comfort outside of its own precints of utter abandon to self. From my spiritual locality I have tested all party spirit; have tested the fundamental workings that actuate the great heart of society,

and my mind conviction is, that the great army of Armadgeddon is wallowing in the hot-bed of selfish delusion and trickery, that only serves a purpose on the earthly basis of life ; and the awakening on the portals of immortality's glowing realms finds the spirit bereft of the true seed of growth, a dangler around the cushioned seats of empty pride. Wo unto the Scribes and Pharisees of this generation of learned greatness and piggish sectarianism, that blows the trumpet for the golden monarchs of empty reign. The learning of Socrates never filled his measure of content; never filled his cycle of greatness. The tombs of the Zoroasters never covered the glory of their reign. Solomon's temple, that reared its mighty head of fabulous worth, was a libel on the escutcheon of liberal grandeur that reared the golden palaces for the buried altars of dead minds sacrificed to the god of mammon, and bent no weight of glory around the home of accumulation that ever stares us in the face with its shining armor of promise, hung on the walls of our Jericho of action.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE city of the dead is stretched along the actual experiences of every-day life. It looms before us when we fail in duty to any cause our soul agitates; when we fail in the purposes that meet our mind's eye, and with the approving voice of conscience say, "thy will be done. Oh, soul, conquer and be steadfast to accomplish the works that are God-designed and God-capacitated." The lumbering wheel of time, how slow is its measured tread of motion to the idling waifs that beat the heel of discontent against the non-deeds of actual service. Every talent that remains a dead letter in the organic structure of man must be brought to the acknowledgement seat of supreme understanding, and undergo the process of recuperation, and unwind the ball of life back to its starting point, or back to

the period of legitimate accountability. Man should be above the grovelling condition of life. He should try his skill at meeting God half-way in the interior capacity of workmanship; should learn to take God for his standard of accumulation, and beat the bars of flight with the wide-spread wings that encompass more than the air that gives them motion. Man should be no Bird of Paradise to flaunt a gay exterior before a world he helps to form and helps to fill, and also helps to govern by the reins placed within the reach of mind exertion. Man should be above the platform of toy-ship. He should ride the exultant waves of noble daring to the accomplishment of noble deeds. A mock heroism surfeits society with its promises that never reach the standard of success; never folds guilt or the appearance of evil within the pale of succor or within the harbor of retrospection, until the pruning hook of good example and kindly forbearance clears the rubbish away from the good seed that will sprout under the genial atmosphere of love and appreciation. Kindness is an inlaid principle, by which one human being reaches the heart-precinct of another; by which the barriers of

restraint are cast aside, and the confiding element that surges to the heart of every individual surrounded by the tempter's foot of daring cunning and crafty malice. Kindness ever steps to the open doorway of slack principle, willing to lay its weakness into the anchor-house of another's keeping, and drift to the promised land of safety by individual help, God's instruments of salvation around the lighted tapers of earth-life.

Each and every soul must rear its weight of sustaining strength, wisdom and council, around the brother and sister souls that appeal at the entrance track of harmony and affinity of motion. Love should become the ruling element in society; the aroma that sweetens every beverage presented to the lips of another; the essence that underlies and overtops every movement of reformation and every individual charity effort that rears its spiral point of beauty to the harmonious evangelical mercy-house of God. For there is nothing that so sweetens the soul and lends its charm to the whole individual exterior as love. Its silver-tipped arrow perforates the groundwork of God's immense whole and enters the interior design-work of every structured monument of success.

Love! it is the glory of the world, whose typical effulgence lights the pathway of heaven, and sends its starry points into the new Jerusalem awaiting the time-worn feet of man. There is no world so beautiful as the one where love presides at its board of ambitious movement; as that where love handles the aggressive and defensive weapons that move around the social and political warfarings of society. Love is the great pillar of strength whose downy softness lulls the soul into the forgetfulness of the sin enemy who ever roams around us when unhappiness strikes our citadel of strength. We are all creatures of temptation's call to action; all besieged by the enemy at large, and all hold the stag at bay until our devil hound scents the prey and pulls our trigger of discontent. We are then ready for a hunt in the field of sin, unless the angel on the other side beckons us away with the smile of love and an outstretched hand to lead us back to the path of duty. Some have larger fields of waste land than others; some a wider range for devil culture; but all need and are sustained and strengthened by the love prop, or corner stone, that upholds the great masonic temple-house of God.

Love builds a nest for every child of earth, but the lever of hard usage is applied, and the nest becomes torn and shattered and unable to contain the child, who is thrust forth to become a prey to the danglers that ever hang around society and are fashioned to a great extent in the kiln of unkind treatment.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW much do circumstances outside of our own control bias and form our character presented to the world. How much we go out from self and imbibe the whole characteristics of another. How easily we learn to assume the stand point of another's opinion and how easily we take on degrees of fellowship in the business transactions pertaining to the well-doing of our brother man. We all reach the hand of want to the outside world and to the garnered stores of another's keeping. We live for and by the help and magnetic fervor we lend and receive from each other. Outside of the atmosphere of love we would perish or become automatons to rust on our own hands. Love is as essential to the soul as food to the body, — both maintain the essentialities of purpose and work in unison

of compact to further God's scheme of being of the earth, earthy, and of the heavens, heavenly. What so flustrates our whole being with discontent as the gathering spirit of non-appreciation? What so charms the every day life and sends its silvery sheen of brightness around the future as the halo of loving kindness, not bought or seen with the golden glitter of wealth? Love should be the staple article, moving the masses to a position of harmonious combination. It should rear a flag of liberty beside every stream made dark and turbid by the simoon sweep of slavery, that sends its pestilential death blow to all spirit of progression that lifts its head for the glory of man. Nature is love, and God is nature, and God is love,—the purest, holiest and divinest of all the attributes in his make-house of motion. Therefore, love must be the conquering hero over whom death can have no power, for the last enemy is death, and love will flap her wings at the burial service, and with the loud acclaim of thanksgiving and praise pronounce the heavens and earth united.

The mission of Spiritualism, or spirit communion, is to evangelize the world; to lift up the children of earth to the platform

of heaven's keeping; to open the road for the salvation of all; to give the sinner — and that embraces all humanity — a chance to reach God through their own development of understanding and pick their own seat in the vastness of eternity. God rides upon the waves of human events. The surging waters of oppression are being toned anew from the rippling stream of free-thought that is running the grade of public favor and admission to the seat of reason. When mankind plant the tree of knowledge beside every hedgerow of ignorance, the mystery will drop away, and God will be recognized as the substance of things seen, not merely heard of as some far off being of immense grandeur, but no power of expression that we can grasp with the intellect of comprehension. God has too long dwelt in mystery to the mind's eye of man, and the cloak can no longer be worn with fitting ease, for the great whirlpool of doubt is surging to the utter destruction of all garments of show, and God can no longer keep his policy of worth in the pent-house of mystery and personality. God travels abroad in this age and era of time's progressive march. God lifts a head of mightier power than ever before

tampered with the skill of man's ability of conception. God dwells in the whole arcana of nature; in the whole atmospheric pressure of vibratory love that fills every air cell of motion floating in and around the world. God grants a hand of skill to every waifling caught in the meshes of despair, and meeting the hurling volcanic dashes sent from the blasting rocks of personal animosity and the devil-to-do will of mischief. God grant that in these days of sharpened wisdom, the glory of the peacemaker will illuminate the broad fields of social intercourse, and make radiant the garden of Eden, which term should apply to every home circle and to every nest of fellowship where love has lit the torch of travel. God grant the day not far distant when love shall become a prevailing epidemic; when the contagion arising from its cutaneous eruptions shall enter into every heart and flood it with the moral fever of upright deal.

CHAPTER XXX.

IF mankind would sift more gems into the hard and barren waste of soul-soil, earth would possess more rosy patches, and the pathway to heaven would become filled with substantial grains of pillared worth, that the soul should hang on its altar of pride to become the talisman to open the world renowned gates of paradise, and plant its glory of accumulation on the topmost round of accountability. The soul element, or the element that masters the crude affinity of nature, is placed in juxtaposition or approximate affinity with the sounding line of spirit communion. When spirits have a plan to mature, or ball to put in motion, to give light and truth to mankind, they seek in humanity what they can best control; seek the element of purpose in degree as they can find it, and seek an

affinity in organic structure to make harmonious the line of communication. Spiritualists, or those who have proof positive of spirit communion, cannot ignore the fact or the conditions requisite to the maintenance of symmetry and the even balance of intellectuality. We in spirit life seek our mediums from a combination of reasons. Those that come *en rapport* with us are easier of control, and those that surge to our brink of safety are more readily reached by the law of sympathy that runs an even motion throughout the work-house of nature. Spirit communion, to the uninitiated in any of the laws that control the truth and beauty of the design, think it a farce to cheat the credulous part of community, and rob them of a few of their dollars and cents. We in spirit life do feel and know the deceptions that have been practised, but we also feel and know that the great car of truth will ride triumphantly over the waves of error. Spiritualism will no longer be a concealed fact; its destiny is on and over every shattered empire of false glory and pride. It will be the "monarch of all I survey" in all the spheres of active duty, and in all the spheres where life has

taken the form of individuality. Spirit communion is the grandest thought from the great fountain of knowledge that could be dropped to the earthly wisdom of man. It is the beverage that time has ever thirsted for; and as soon as reason could maintain its sway, and feel secure of a basil stand point from which to rear its truth, it crept to the world in a simple and unobtrusive manner, for thought to linger around and make easy the conquest of comfort. It has now gained a footing where naught can disturb its tranquillity of movement; where all surface shadows will only tend to show the transparency of their flimsy nothingness. The tide of earthly reason is emigrating to the shores of spirit lodgment, and the two worlds shall join in compact of governmental duty. Then church creeds will find no footing in the paramount house of God, for there shall be no graven images to take the place of the true father, says the later dispensation of Christian benevolence and duty to first principles in the great drama of the world's salvation.

Plato picked in the fields of barren waste for the minds that then made up the board of the world's nationality, and to-day, when

reason is fledged for a broad flight, this new system of worship scarcely seems tangible and in keeping with the egotism and pride that has ever clamored for God's best opinion, and ever sought it through the channel of the church filter from sin. Plato's mind is fast merging to God's seat of power. He is so far advanced from the world's ideal of knowledge that the world could in no way understand the illuminated pages given to the students in his classic field of lore. Oh, the wisdom, power, expansion and scope given to the mind of man! At its highest altitude it picks the crown from the histrionic brow of power, and places its excelsior notes on the grandest scale of intellectual march. Oh, thou God in man, to thee we bow with the reverential trust, knowing that thy power to save is the indwelling spirit of love, that permeates all the vastness of thy design culminating in the personal God-head of man. Some will ask with holy horror if I am making man to be God, or God to be man, — which seems sacrilegious in either sense, — robbing God of all dignity and building up man on the downfall of God's influential ability? My object lies in neither of these points which the public will choose

to take up, but in the rippling truth that floods my soul with its golden armor of brightness. I hear God speaking from the hill top of scientific truth, wearing the personality of intellectual manhood. The figure head of stupendous power may travel through all God's worlds and ever find the law of co-operation and co-partnership running the race of even intensity of purpose.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE rasping hand of fate moves every element in our capacity-house of strength. If the God within our interior make-up desires to ride triumphantly the waves of every reform, the builder's art is brought into requisition. The carpenter and joiner work of interior ability is the God workman within the capacity-line of native talent and imprint of divine wisdom. The growth of man commenced with the growth of God. Both were in the orbit of natural design. Both dropped to the world of use when the great crater of strength heaved forth the effort at centralization. God tunes his march with the correct understanding that no flitting shadows of surface show can impede the free-will agency of natural by-laws, of playful activity, that surround, encompass and enthrall, and,

I might also add, create the God whom we all adore and hold by the right hand of fellowship, to become one with God in filial bearing and love to the world. Juno's figure head of God captivated the eye of faith in the heathen dynasties of power. All glitter and show of significant importance was thought to be pleasing to the supreme commander of human destiny. Faith works according to the by-play of educational knowledge, which rears a foundation for faith to build upon. Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the reality that is wrought and lived in the imaginary field of demonstration before it comes to the actual experience of physical testimony of trial. What but the spirit of faith leads us out into the field of actual labor, to try our chances with the elements of success or defeat that rise in our pathway or meet us in the various windings of daily toil that seem to be apportioned for mental and moral experience? (for no part of earth's gleanings but ripen for the soul's enjoyment and improvement). What but the spirit of trust, or faith, leads us to search the untried fields of spirit life and hold communion with our dear departed ones, whom death had not the power to

steal away from our knowledge. In no act of the father's do we recognize and feel the beauty of the hand divine as in the great love-surges that gather our dead to the love-lit haven of a more glorious life. Christ died that we, through the power of his resurrection, might also become partakers in the resurrection of eternal life. Is there no principle involved in Christ's release from earthly bondage? In his departure to a world of spiritual light, was there no law to be obeyed to fix his destiny of movement, and pin it with the star of truth to the endless chain of natural progressive law? If not, if Christ's demise from earth and extinction of physical function had no basis of active design, only what comported with the will of personality, then is life a farce and Christ a myth that floated on the world of matter to serve the unction of material demand. If life has only will for a basis of consideration and precision of movement, then are we stranded on the shore of every day life, and our ship freighted with a cargo that would run the blockade of time, and anchor in the storehouse of natural affinity.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GOD gave the world a foundation system whose every attribute is strength; and power to maintain the world's salvation is the law-lever used by the hand of divine harmony that exultingly sways the orbit of all motionary chaotic elements of progress. If will is at the basis of the world's harmony of movement, and will be an attribute, or power of mind radiation, dependant on the construction of animal function of being, or spiritualistic epilogue of zeal, or finish of man-head or God-head, (the terms being synonymous and bearing the same affinity of soul maintenance to the cause represented), then will is the

basis of structure on the personality of representation or principle in throwing out worlds and sustaining them in the orbit of sensible rotation, and affixing them by the cord of sympathy, or love chain, to the Arigosa, or inlaid tributaries, in nature that hold the God of cause and effect. Then the God personality blends will with the Godality of natural law, making harmonious the coupling power of God and man, or, in other words, blending will, which is an attribute depending on organic structure, with the will power running through chaotic organization. If God has affixed will as the fundament, or primary note, that sounds the bugle horn of outlay, then God is will, or the inharmony that creates harmony from the elements of discord. You cannot affix or prefix one particular attribute or principle to the beginning of time, and say, "I have found God; my one ray of light has penetrated to the centre of a first cause; my one torch has lighted up the whole arc of God's field of command; my one fledgling bird can sing the great harmonarchy of natural law, outspoken, outgushing, and forever throwing out its invitation or appeal to the centre figure

encompassed in the ideality of man's formality of motion, asking for fellowship and cohesive assimilation to find God's whole in the grandeur of scheme, and in the finish or polish of all native lintings that stretch through the coliseum of man's figurative appeal to the arm system of law, and in the drifting halo that surrounds the infinite purposes of principles in motion, underpinning the sectarianship of God's nationality of wisdom and display of talent that rides the waves of time, and floats the sceptre of salvation to the soul-God of all things, made or fashioned by or from the deep-seated internal power of inspiration, that one word that fills the great dome of God's whole is the summing up of all the scattered prelates of power that surround the throne eternal, and clamor for the voice of God to swell the anthem of claim to the oneness of a supreme rule." It is time that God assumed a standard footing on the platform of fact and justice of principle. It is time God's personality be wound around all figurative outlay, and spread to ensnare the footsteps of every generation that is walking towards the trap set in the field of truth to gladden the far-reaching faculties, and bring out the golden

glimmer of ripened intellect that surges to the hill of science to meet, as did the Moses of old, the face of God, but reflected from the verge of every living thing, and seen with the mind's eye of faith and vision of soul the high toned characteristics in every feature of the grand whole. Oh, God, thy visage rare we face, and see in each smiling lineament thy thoughtful care for the wandering steps of man. And, oh, God, we trace through all thy countenance of love its diligent appeal to the searching instinctive faculties drawn to the shaping of intellectual manhood, and there fostered and toned to dwell in the mountain eyry, or God's nest of fellowship, which is the success of intellectuality, the God-stamp that fashions and creates the system of law, motion and life. God's whole is in the beginning; in the mind's eye that struck out a first cause, and peopled it with all things necessary for the stimulating hand of time to bring to the fruition seat of progress. There is nothing made outside of first effort: the one signal gun was the shot of success, whose prolonged sound awoke every faculty outside the power of love and harmony to fathom. What is to be will be. There is no getting away from one's orbit of

motion; the track is laid, and we, the destined travellers, journey along, without the power to cease our motion or change the course laid down by fate. God has placed a lock and key over all possessions foreign to our capacity of understanding, and no receptacle of God's truth is laid open for investigation until the lock is picked by the spirit of traverse, that seeks an entrance into all the mysterious lodgment rooms in nature. The truth of man's ability lies in his future attainments. Until the energetic monitor of research is applied to our ear of thought, we are in the babyhood of incipient activity; goslings, aiming to be geese, with the green dress of unfledgment still hanging as a drapery of truth to our position. Mind is a principle that will not flourish in an atmosphere of coercion. It needs the gentle, coaxing, lover-like way of being brought out to the confidence seat of self approval. Mind grows rugged and full of healthful activity under the bracing element of love and the outside voice of appreciation. All vegetation culminates to a more honorable appearance under the gentle love strokes of sunshine and shower, and human nature flourishes best when touched by the illumi-

nating spirit of suavity and grace. When God made Adam for the first man, he showed his failure in attempt at perfection, for Adam displayed many points of weakness to the world. He held out the spirit of cunning and sophistry, which must have met God's approval, else wherefore, in commanding his structure, was the platform laid for a footprint of deception? Wherefore does God institute the means to work out the end designed, if it be not in keeping with his far-searching and harmonious spirit, that sees the end from the beginning; sees the buried talents needed to awaken the sleepy and idle spirit of progress?

God never works in doubt; if he sticks a pin here, he knows where the next one is needed, or required, to keep the fabric whole for the incision of time to cut or work out the garment, or principle, desired from that particular moiety of encompassment. The jugular vein that contains the current or electric fluid for all life runs through the centrifugal and centripetal forces that constitute the harmony of existence. What God gives he also keeps, and fosters with lover-like precision of movement. And thus when human effort is a gift, the spirit of the gift

is fostered by the giver. Remember that, ye who deal out to others, if your gifts be tokens of love, love will be reflected on the soul camera of life, and if the spirit of hate or indifference dictates or sways the outstretched hand or heart in its benificent workings for another, that spirit is retained by its possessor and grows brighter and more effulgent in the hand of use. The spirit of a dead letter serves no good, but the spirit that fosters a living principle into the harbor of safety from impending storms gathers a seed into the Christian's fold of worship that time sprouts for the advantage of God and man, And thus let us journey for the benefit of all sovereign and minor considerations of power, knowing that the finale is as the beginning, — the wheel within the wheel of all natural accomplishment.

My journey by the roadside of life is nearly ended, the thread of my jottings broken in twain ; but when again reunited by the hand of fate, I shall move with a different individuality of purpose, and wind my key of strength to the speaker's field of use.

"MARIGOLDS BY THE WAYSIDE," I have gathered as best I could; as I could find my medium in a condition to assist me. Therefore, if a straying grass or inappropriate weed mar the collection here tied together, do not cast the bouquet aside as worthless, but remember that there is always chaff in wheat, and dust where pearls are imbedded.

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